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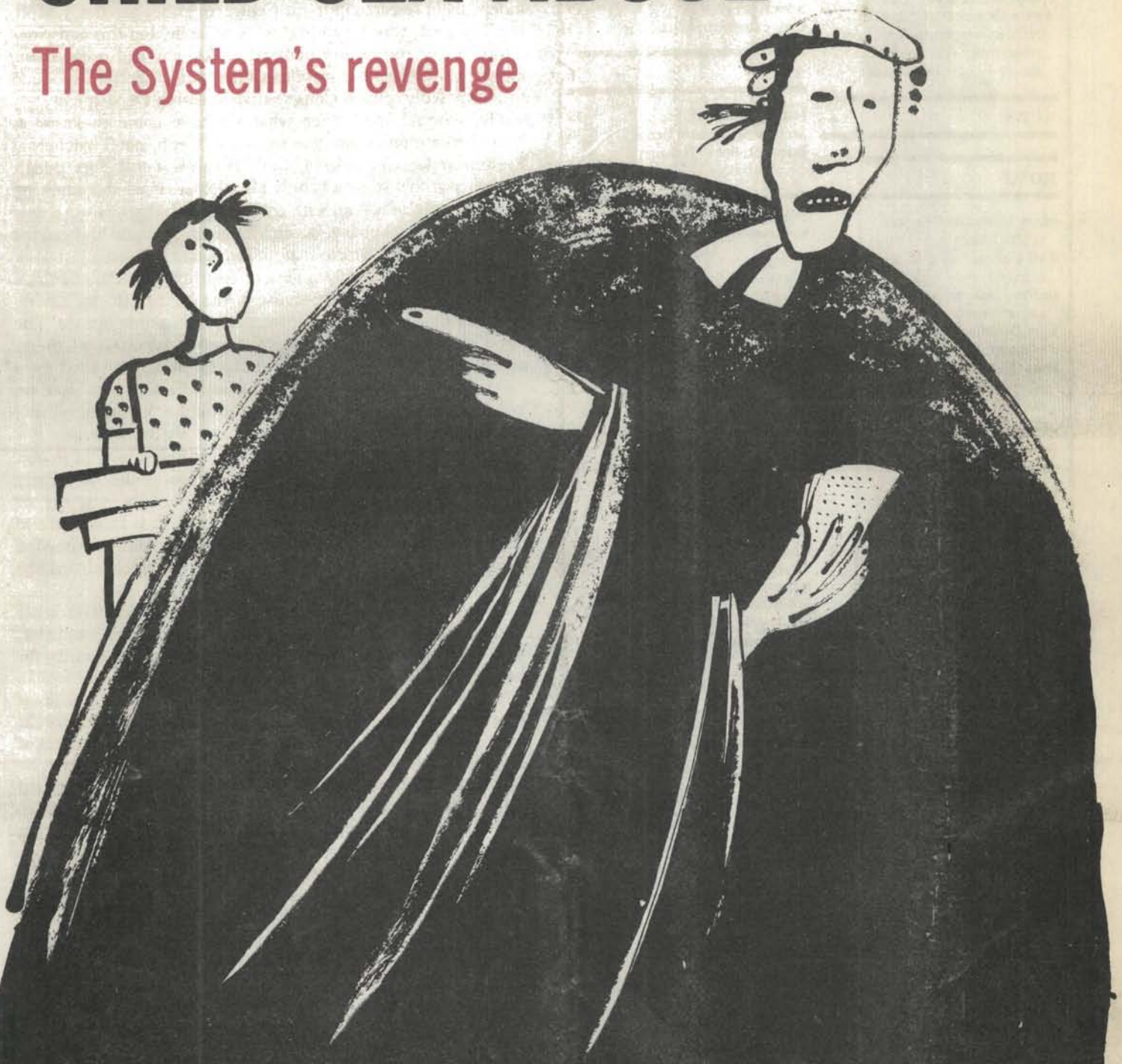
New Statesman

CHILD SEX ABUSE

The System's revenge



PLUS: Maureen Duffy: animal rights • Britain's nuclear victims • Paul Foot's Media watch • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

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New Statesman

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Thatcherism gets lost

IT IS HARD to believe it now, but a decade ago Sir Keith Joseph, not Mrs Thatcher, was the assumed candidate of the Tory Right against Ted Heath. Between his first and second election defeats in 1974 Heath gave Joseph permission to set up a new and independent research unit, the Centre for Policy Studies. Joseph, not Thatcher, was the main driving force behind this conscious effort to work out a new political philosophy and programme, away from the Heath-controlled Conservative Central Office and the supposedly 'pinko' Conservative Research Department.

The seminal speech for what we have come to know as Thatcherite monetarism was made by Joseph, not Thatcher, at Preston in September 1974, while Heath was still Tory leader. Thatcher at that stage was only his inexperienced and admiring pupil. Joseph blew it all with another speech that year on a new approach to social policy, which brought down upon his head the kind of political firestorm that hit him again this week.

It included the deeply offensive assertion that the country's 'stock' was deteriorating because of the high birth rate among poor families and parents of lower than average intelligence. The rest of that social policy statement, however, is perfectly familiar as the basis of today's Thatcherite social policy. It called for a move away from the 'permissive society', back to one based on 'older values'. It didn't actually use the phrase 'Victorian values', but it might have done and that was certainly the message.

Thatcherism, therefore, was crafted by Joseph not Thatcher. Indeed up to the time that she became leader of the Tory Party Mrs Thatcher had shown almost no sign of original or independent political thought of any kind. It is interesting to speculate what would have happened to British politics if the Mad Monk rather than Thatcher had in fact, as expected, led the successful coup against Heath.

The difference would have been a matter of political style rather than substance. Sir Keith's record as housing minister, responsible for pushing through some of the shoddiest housing for the working class ever to be sanctioned by the State, is worse than Mrs Thatcher's as education minister. But the image of Josephism would have been more human and humane. He would have agonised in private and in public about the consequences of the policies that were being pursued. To judge by his record, he would not have been able to bring himself to push things as hard and as long as his erstwhile disciple has done. This last week we have seen more and more of the accumulating evidence that Joseph-Thatcherism is politically bankrupt. It has been tested now for over five years in practice.

Non-Tories and Tory wets have known that the experiment was doomed to produce failure. What has happened this week, with the revolt over college grants acting as the catalyst, is that the same truth is at last dawning on rank and file Tories, who until now have gone along with it all or been prepared to suspend judgment. The ideological doctrines that allowed Thatcherism to appear as a coherent break with the politics of the past no longer have the capacity to show any clear way ahead.

It is a long way from this point to the point where the opposition can present a coherent and credible map of an alternative way ahead. But the winter of 1984 is likely to go down in history as the point at which the Thatcher government visibly lost its way. □

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Robbing the public to buy investors

IF ANYTHING like the British Telecom 'giveaway' had been conducted by a Labour controlled local authority a district auditor would have declared that for political and ideological reasons the council in question had behaved with public assets in a way that laid all members of the majority group open to personal surcharge.

Consider the facts. On the basis of the value that the Stock Market put on the shares of the company this week, the government sold it for £1.3 *billion* less than the market thinks it is worth. Once numbers get this big, politicians and the general public cease to concentrate. £39 *million* off the student grant budget brings 30,000 students onto the streets of London and forces the government into an embarrassing U-turn. But last week the government threw away something like £1.3 *billion* — enough to leave student grants alone, increase the overseas aid budget, stay in UNESCO, index link social security benefits and still have a bob or two left over. Even the *Financial Times* was forced to conclude: 'Every new issue has to offer a profit to tempt the investor, but with BT the calculations have clearly gone awry'.

That is not all. As the *New Statesman* has shown (23 November), in order to get BT into saleable condition the government had to make accounting changes to the company and to its pension fund worth the equivalent of almost £3 billion. Without these changes the private sector would not have given BT the time of day. Then, upwards of another £500 million was spent directly on the sale itself by way of advertising, unprecedentedly high commissions to those pushing the shares and equally unprecedented 'sweeteners' to actual punters themselves. These 'one off' payments and write offs are the equivalent of the whole of the cost to the taxpayer of the Falklands campaign and the miners' strike combined.

On top of the 'one off' charges, the government's bankers — Kleinwort, Benson — told the Treasury that they would have to pay dividends worth 7-7½ per cent on the shares, if they were to sell. But from the start the same financial institutions that conned the government into agreeing to this promised rate of dividend were buying up the shares in the market at a price so much higher that it reduced the prospective actual dividend to 5½ per cent. Presumably they would in fact have bought at 5½ per cent in the first place.

In addition, an extensive and expensive marketing exercise for the shares had taken place in the United States, Canada and Japan. New York was allocated 180 million BT shares. In the first trading day alone, 164 million of them were each sold for $11 more than the British government got for them in the first place. Most of the sales were back to British financial institutions, deprived by the government's ideological determination to recreate a small investor class of all the shares they wanted in order to balance their portfolios. That represents already upwards of a $1,500 million gift from the British taxpayer into the pockets of American financial institutions for no reason whatsoever — an expensive and totally pointless exercise. 'The US institutions have not seen as good a profit on a new issue in a long time', one Wall Streeter understandably told the *Financial Times*.

WHY HAS the government in one way and another spent, given away and written off much more than £4 billion in order to sell off BT for £4 billion? The answer is locked in the same Josephism that has produced 3 million unemployed, the miners' strike and the explosion over student grants. The gobbledegook rituals of monetarism require the government to borrow less money, even though recession has reduced its income and unemployment increased its expenditure. Further, the same gobbledegook maintains that money borrowed for investment in BT, if the government owns it on behalf of the general public, is a 'bad thing' because it swells the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement; but that money borrowed from the same sources for the same purposes becomes a 'good thing' if the government owns no shares. So BT had to go.

If for ideological reasons you insist on starting from this point, then you have a problem. BT, even at £4 billion, was the biggest new issue in the history of Stock Exchanges anywhere. It is perfectly true that in these circumstances the margin is very thin between a total flop because the price is too high and a scandalous 'success', like BT, because the price is much too low. The capacity of the world's stock markets to absorb £4 billion at one go is very limited and the institutions involved create a chronically 'imperfect market' in that they all tend to move together in one direction or the other with all the rational purpose of the Gadarene swine.

By throwing away public money as if it had gone out of style the government has 'got away' with the BT flotation. But it will shortly dawn on the general public that precisely nothing has been achieved. The Thatcherite dogma holds that some fundamental social and political change happens in behaviour and in the performance of the British economy if the holding of shares in companies is widely dispersed. Much is being made of the fact that two million small investors now have a 'stake' in BT.

Leaving aside the 54 million others in the country who used to have a stake in BT until this week and no longer do, the claim that wider share ownership changes things is implausible. The bulk of the BT share dealing in London has been to financial institutions by individuals and employees taking a quick capital gain. Even if BT ends up with slightly more than the average number of small shareholders (which it probably won't) the concept of shareholder democracy in this country is a complete sham. Boards of large companies in this country are accountable to a limited extent to institutional investors; and to no one else. Small shareholders are powerless. BT will be no exception. □

Will the Christmas Tree at 3 Cherry Drive survive nuclear attack?

☑ YES

If Morgan Petty and his friend Roger, who comes in to help with the garden, has anything to do with it. Find out how in

★ ★ THE ★ ★

DEFENCE DIARIES

★ ★ OF ★ ★

W. Morgan Petty

Edited by Brian Bethell

The bestselling diaries which reveal how W. Morgan Petty, possibly the finest English eccentric of the nuclear age, will keep a superpower conflagration beyond his privet hedge. £6.95

Viking

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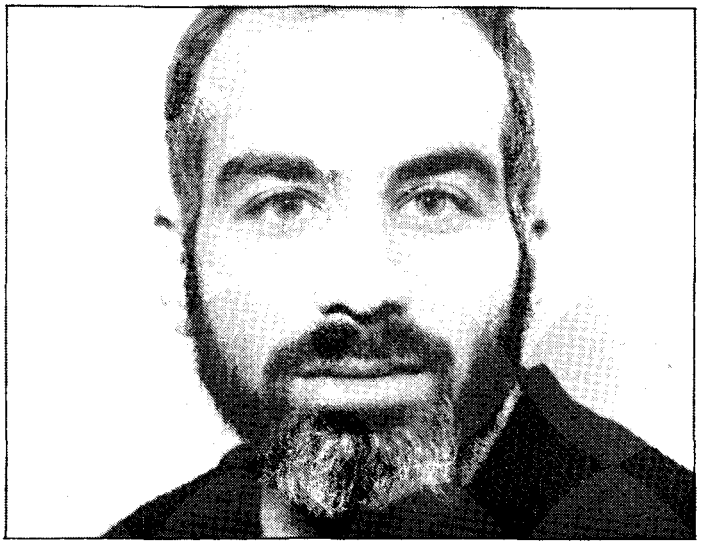
NCCL TO INSIST ON 'A RIGHT TO GO TO WORK'

THE NATIONAL Council for Civil Liberties (NCCL) interim report on the miners' strike, due out on Monday (10 December) is expected to contain a major shift of emphasis for the Council. MARTIN BROWN reports

WE LEARN that while NCCL will strongly support the right to picket, including the right to hold mass pickets, it will give equal support to the right to free passage to work and will say that the police have a duty to enforce that right. The report will also call upon miners' leaders to condemn picket line violence by NUM members.

The report was called for by this year's NCCL annual meeting (14-15 April) in the wake of the first police road blocks and accusations of phone tapping of NUM offices. The motion asked for an independent enquiry into the civil liberty aspects of the policing of the miners' strike. The interim report goes beyond that to include statements on picketing of individuals' houses and free passage to work.

On the committee of enquiry are Larry Gostin, general secretary of NCCL since November 1983, John Alderson, ex chief constable of Devon and Cornwall, Ian Martin of the Fabian Society, Sarah McCabe, a criminologist at Oxford University, Christopher Mason of Strathclyde police authority, and Peter Wallington, professor of law at Lancaster University.



UPP

Searching for the 'pure' civil libertarian line — Larry Gostin

The interim report doesn't set out the evidence collected by NCCL observers in mining areas, but it *is* a statement of the civil liberty principles the committee of enquiry believes are at stake in the strike. As such it will set the ground rules for the final report, which won't be written till after the dispute is over.

'Depoliticised' NCCL?

The shift of emphasis in the report is an indication of the direction Gostin would to take the NCCL. In the past the Council has been accused of being simply a left wing pressure group. Gostin is keen to develop what he terms the 'pure' approach to civil liberties, free from considerations of party politics.

Of late the NCCL has had close connections with the Labour Party. Patricia Hewitt, ex general secretary, is now press secretary for Neil Kinnock, and Harriet Harman, ex legal officer, is Labour MP for Peckham. Gostin was a civil liberties campaigner in America before coming to Britain to become legal director of MIND — the mental health campaign.

Monday's interim report is to contain strong statements in line with NCCL policy on the right to picket, phone tapping, police road blocks, bail procedures, snatch squads and the use of outside police forces. But it's the statements on freedom of passage to work that are likely to attract the most attention, and may not be welcomed by some of the affiliated trade unions and individuals who provide a significant part of the financial support for the NCCL. ●

BELGRANO ENQUIRY

Lewin on the dating puzzle

FORMER Chief of Defence Staff Lord Lewin directly contradicted a senior officer of the submarine that sank the *Belgrano*, in his evidence to the Commons select committee investigation this week.

Lewin said the submarine's report that it had sighted the *Belgrano* didn't reach Naval HQ in Britain until 'about midnight' the day before the sinking — but Narendra Sethia, the officer responsible for all the paperwork on the submarine, said on Granada TV's *World in Action* last weekend that it had signalled Naval HQ at Northwood at 4pm London time on 1 May 1982, and that Northwood immediately acknowledged the signal.

Lewin first knew the submarine was in touch with the *Belgrano*, he said, on the morning of 2 May. Asked why he wasn't told at midnight, in view of the Prime Minister's claim that the ship posed an immediate threat, he said candidly: 'There's a problem with this word "immediate".' The first priority, he said, was to alert the 'man on the spot', task force commander Admiral Woodward, who knew that he wouldn't get authorisation to sink the *Belgrano* without assembling the full war cabinet, due to meet for lunch on 2 May.

Lewin came close to admitting that the *Belgrano* was sunk not because it posed a threat, but because, before it turned round, it made life difficult for the task force commander, who was trying to land commando squads on the Falklands at night to gather intelligence about the positions of Argentine forces there.

Diary conundrum

What is it in *Conqueror* officer Narendra Sethia's unofficial diary that Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine is so worried about? Much of the diary has been published in the book, *The Sinking of the Belgrano*, in the *Guardian* and, most recently, in the *Observer*.

Several people, including Labour MP Tam Dalyell, thought to be in possession of full copies have been summoned to the Ministry of Defence. They all said they hadn't got it. Heseltine was courteous enough to telephone Dalyell *in person* at 8am last Saturday to ask him to come to see him about it. Heseltine refused to elaborate, saying he didn't want to discuss it on the telephone.

Surely *he* must know that his government has given assurances that MPs' telephones won't be tapped?

John Rentoul

Shock! GLC accuses Fleet St of pollution

THE LEVEL of lead pollution around Fleet Street is one of the highest in London due to contamination from newspaper printworks, according to a major new scientific study by the Greater London Council.

The concentration of lead in dust in dozens of samples taken from around newspaper works was found to be substantially in excess of the GLC's designated 'action level'.

In the worst case, levels of between 20 and 25 times the GLC's limit of 5000 parts per million were found near *The Times* offices in Gough Street. Levels around the *Daily Mirror* in New Fetter Lane were up to nearly 16 times the limit; around the *Sun* and the *Daily Mail* up to nine times the limit; and near the *Financial Times* up to six times the limit. Lower, but still excessive levels were detected near the *Guardian* and the *Observer*.

Urgent talks have already been held between local authorities, the Newspaper Publishers' Association, and the Health and Safety Executive with the aim of ameliorating the situation. The pollution is said to be caused by small particles of lead escaping from the printworks, where it's extensively used for typesetting.

Over the last four years the GLC's Scientific Services Branch has been monitoring lead 'hotspots' in London. Only in Fleet Street was the average concentration of lead in dust found to be in excess of the limit. In order to pinpoint its source, researchers undertook further sampling and analysis and established that the proportion of tin to lead in the samples matched the proportions found in linotype and other print metals.

Given the considerable concern about the possible health effects of lead pollution on young children, the GLC's ultimate aim is to reduce concentrations of lead in dust to a tenth of its 'action level'. While acknowledging that some positive measures have been taken to deal with lead in air, the Council is very critical of the government for not setting minimum levels for lead in dust.

Its monitoring work also uncovered three roadside sites where the concentrations of lead in air were in excess of the European Community limit of two micrograms per cubic metre. On Talgarth Road, Hammersmith — London's busiest main traffic route — it was nearly double the limit (3.9 microgramms per cubic metre), while roads in Greenwich and Kingston were just on or above the limit.

Rob Edwards

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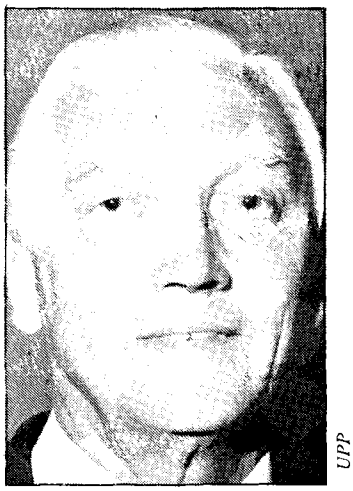
Revelatory loose talk from Nuclear Forum

WHEN the organisers of last week's British Nuclear Forum *Symposium on Nuclear Power* **(28 November, Inn on the Park) invited Plaid Cymru MP Dafydd Thomas they didn't realise it would result in a 'chiel' takin' notes'.**

The 'child taking notes' was Tim Williams, research assistant in the Commons to Dafydd Thomas, who went on his MP's behalf. The organisers may not have appreciated that Thomas himself has been badgering away about safeguards for the Trawsfynydd Magnox nuclear power station in his constituency (Meirionnydd Nant Conwy).

The symposium was a major gathering of the industry's 'Great and Good', including British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL's) honorary president Sir John Hill, BNFL chair Con Allday, CEGB chair Sir Walter Marshall and board member John Baker. The agenda was *The status of nuclear power: an overview* and *Questions and discussion devoted to economic, industrial, safety and environmental aspects of nuclear power.*

But it was the more off-the-cuff remarks during discussion, from assorted chieftains of the nuclear industries establishment (*see selection in accompanying box*), which Williams found most striking, particularly in the context of the public relations campaign BNFL is about to mount to counteract views among 'the young' and among 'women' (*NS* 30 November).



UPP

'We're all fed-up — Sir John Hill

It was, reports Williams, an all-male gathering — gender-polarisation, already much noticed on this issue, dramatised at the Inn on the Park. ●

The nuclear Great and Good

(or: Boys will be Boys)

On the fears of radiation

'I'm sure that we're all fed up with the sight of an endless stream of the weeping relatives of cancer sufferers coming on our TV screens saying "our Jack was a strapping lad before he lived at Sellafield"'[1]

'People like being frightened. A society without fear wouldn't survive'[2]

Safeguards

'The Government has decided that Euratom should not inspect' (*reference to the possible breach of European law on nuclear proliferation by the British refusal to allow inspectors from Euratom to visit the Magnox fuel reprocessing line at Sellafield in Cumbria* — NS *26 October and 23 November*)[3]

Plutonium: civil or military

'Plutonium doesn't know what it is'[4]

'It depends how you use it, and this is a matter for government. . . There's every reason to believe that CEGB plutonium hasn't been applied to weapons, though the government hasn't given up the option to do so'[5]

Proliferation

'You could make a bomb from any sort of plutonium. That's not our problem. It's a political problem. Our business is to sell'[6]

Safety

'The recent CEGB experiment with the rail-transported nuclear flask may not have been scientifically the best test, but it was good propaganda'[7]

The future

'We have no precise projections for the growth in nuclear electricity'[8]

'Layfield permitting' (*Sir Frank Layfield, inspector of the Sizewell enquiry*) 'we shall build six PWRs by the end of the century in the south of the country'[9]

1. Sir John Hill, president of the British Nuclear Forum and honorary president of BNFL; 2. John Dunster, director of the National Radiological Protection Board; 3. Con Allday, chairman and managing director of British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL); 4. Dr D. L. Locke, of the Atomic Energy Authority; 5. John Baker, board member of the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB); 6. Dr Locke during lunch; 7. John Baker; 8. John Baker; 9. Sir Walter Marshall, chairman of the CEGB.

MISCELLANY

Exit stage right

Some £7,000 donated by about 4,000 well-wishers to defend National Theatre director Michael Bogdanov during the 1982 prosecution of *The Romans in Britain* is sitting idle, demonstrating the fine pass democracy has come to. For the committee of the Theatre Defence Fund including Sir Peter Hall, which holds the kitty, sees no realistic prospect under the present government of getting the Theatres Act amended so as to close that loophole through which Mary Whitehouse caused the Sexual Offences Act 1956 to be used against simulated sexuality on the Nat's stage. If there *were* any realistic chance, campaigning and lobbying for it is what lawyers advise would be the proper application of the unspent money. It was unspent because on 18 March 1982 the prosecution abruptly pulled out of the case, causing the Attorney General to declare a *nolle prosequi*. Whatever else the term signified, it certainly meant there was suddenly no more need for vast defence expenses. As things are, with 'Victorian values' stalking the national stage — as distinct from the National stage — it could if anything be counter-productive to lobby for freedom. What a commentary . . .

Patriarchy licked

This year's Christmas stamps defy, you may have noticed, the Bishop of Durham by depicting nativity scenes no doubt grafted onto the true faith from Babylonian irregularities in the Iraqi delta. There's the baby and adoring parents. But a closer look reveals that even here tradition is being ruptured. On the 13p stamp Joseph, patron saint of education, looking for all the world as if he eats brown rice and wears socks inside his sandals, is holding the baby. *Does the trendy couple represent a new era in PO thinking about gender roles? Um, no. PO workers get no paternity leave, no creche provisions, and as low a level of maternity leave as anywhere else. Even the Communications Workers, with 150,000 members in the PO, have no policy plans to fix the management on this. No Santa clause. The artist was Yvonne Gillert.*

Clock this one

And now for another passing of the buck. Ronald Hill was terminally ill with asbestosis and mesothelioma (an asbestos-related cancer) when he applied to the DHSS in Glasgow on 17 August 1982 for industrial disablement benefit. By the time the DHSS got round to offering him his first payment — on 28 July 1983 — he had been dead for eight weeks. Appalled, Labour MP Willie McKelvey (Kilmarnock and Ludoun) complained to the ombudsperson on behalf of Mr Hill's son. The ombudsperson duly criticised the DHSS for 'inexcusable neglect' and for being

'deplorably slow'. One snag: his condemnation of the DHSS's eleven and a half month delay took thirteen and a half months to produce.

Ana Gram maniacs (9)

Meanwhile, back in the lunatic asylum where the best and brightest have been reduced to fiddling the letters of politicians' names around to produce ridiculous phrases — to think this is the nation of Shakespeare! (not that he could spell) — the Scrabble boards (we know that's how you cheat) have been out for Margaret Hilda Thatcher. The 'Manchester Square Wordsmiths', in between cleaning the Wallace Collection, have produced 38, including 'Hatch a great mad Hitler'. Far out. Simon Hall of Herne Hill advises 'Halt a great harm, ditch 'er' and Brian Wren ('I'm not feeling very seasonal goodwillful towards our Rt Hon PM') takes up the führer theme with added feminist overtones: 'Hitler! — hatch MCP Grantham predator'. Ken Gimik of Thretchlow, seasoning the mix with Rt Hons etc, produces 'Not PM: HRH! The rich Mad Hatter at large', and a crushing letter from Mr Tony Augarde of Oxford says he's just published an Oxford Guide to Word Games, *with Thatcher anagrams in it. Oh. Anyone like to see what they can do with . . . let's see . . . Michael Portillo?*

Freudian slip

The Liberal/SDP Alliance ought to benefit more than anyone from all that middle-class anger at the way the Tories have bungled the issue of student grants. All the more surprising, then, that when Sir Keith Joseph received his drubbing during education questions in the Commons on Tuesday neither Clement Freud, the Liberals' education spokesman, nor Michael Hancock, the SDP's spokesman, put in their tuppenceworth. Indeed, so uninterested do they seem in the whole business that they weren't even in the chamber.

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Is Zia setting Islam on women as 'a diversion'?

THE WOMEN'S section of the Pakistani Workers Association picketed the London embassy of Pakistan this Monday (3 December) to protest 'Islamicisation' — against a background of last weekend's announcement by President Zia ul-Haq that he'll seek a referendum to support the policy. AMRIT WILSON reports

THE REFERENDUM would invite the people of Pakistan to vote on Islamicisation, as interpreted by Zia. Few will trust to the secrecy of the ballot, and vote against. A 'yes' will be called a vote of confidence in the regime, and guarantee General Zia a further five years in power.

Monday's London picket spelt out what this 'Islamicisation' has meant for Pakistani women. Women's basic rights have been more or less abolished. There has been a massive increase in rape and other violence against women.

Rape charges must now be substantiated by four male witnesses and the victim must be able to identify the rapist. Under a new 'Evidence Law' passed in the summer and awaiting Zia's signature, the testimony of two women equals that of one man. The death penalty can be awarded for the murder of a man but not that of a woman.

These laws have been accompanied by escalation of police violence against women at the many protest demonstrations and meetings held by women's groups in Pakistan such as the Women's Action Forum. At the same time torture and sexual abuse of women prisoners in Zia's jails is said to have increased (the military regime has thousands of political prisoners, particularly in Sindh).

Not full Islamic law

Islamicisation in Pakistan (in contrast to Iran) is seen merely as a means of keeping the regime in power — as in the forthcoming referendum. It hasn't led to all-round puritanism. Alcohol is of course banned under Islamic law but army personnel are well-known to drink heavily.

But as women on the picket at the Embassy explained, Islamicisation in its treatment of women is playing a specific geopolitical as well as internal role: it is providing a major diversion from the dire economic and political situation which has come with increasing US control.

So while Islamic laws like those prescribing the amputation of the limbs of thieves have been passed but not enforced, the laws against women are being widely implemented. For example in Sahiwal, a 16 year blind girl was raped by a father and son who employed her as a maid. She was sentenced to 15 lashes and when as a result of the rape she gave birth she was given a three year jail sentence as an adultress. After six months of protests from Pakistani women, she was quietly released. The two rapists haven't been punished. ●

Andrew Pothecary

Will even a loud-hailer from London reach General Zia's ears?

Nicaragua

Injured Ray Hooker got through . . .

RAY HOOKER, kidnapped by contras on 25 October (NS 26 October) was successfully elected to the new Nicaraguan Constituent Assembly in the elections of 4 November. He's now one of the 61 FSLN members of the 90 strong Assembly. Standing for Special Zone 2 in the South Atlantic coast region around Bluefields, he got 65 per cent of the vote, similar to the national proportion gained by the FSLN — but remarkable for an area on the English speaking Atlantic coast, where the commitment to the revolution has been much less than on the Spanish speaking West Coast. He was absent for most of the election campaign while captive in Costa Rica. It's now known that in the course of his abduction he suffered serious and untreated bullet wounds in his stomach.

Worst council results of Kinnock leadership

LABOUR came third in local council by-elections in November — the party's worst month since Neil Kinnock became leader. The Liberal/SDP Alliance had its best month this year, gaining nine seats from the Conservatives and two from Labour.

Altogether contests took place in 45 wards (including one in Bournemouth where two vacancies were filled; the Liberals gained both seats from the Conservatives). Thirty-eight wards were contested by Conservative, Labour and Alliance candidates. 86,309 votes were cast in these wards as follows:

Conservative	34,625	40.1%
Liberal/SDP	25,829	29.9%
Labour	23,598	27.3%
Others	2,257	2.6%

One sixth of the 'three-cornered' votes were cast in a single ward — Coventry South-West, which provides a West Midlands County Councillor and has identical boundaries to the (pre-boundary-change) Parliamentary constituency. The Tories held this seat with a 3,269 majority.

It is, however, precisely the sort of ward Labour needs to win: the seat was represented in Parliament by Audrey Wise from 1974 to 1979. Last month's result, however, represents a 4 per cent swing to the Tories compared with last year's general election.

Labour also had a bad result in Liverpool, where the Liberals gained Arundel ward with a majority of 665. Labour's vote held up better — as usual — in London, although the one seat to change hands was in Lambeth, where the Liberals overturned a Conservative majority of 799 to take Streatham Hill ward by 383.

Gains and losses in last month's contests were as follows:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	26	10	1	17
Lab	13	2	3	14
Lib	4	0	9	13
SDP	0	0	2	2
Others	3	3	0	0

Although the precise voting figures obviously vary according to the political pattern of seats fought, the movements since September, when Labour enjoyed a six point lead, are clearly significant, and even more worrying for Labour than movements in recent opinion polls:

Share of votes in 3-cornered contests	Sept %	Oct %	Nov %	Change Sep-Nov
Con	32	36	40	+8
Lab	38	31	27	-11
Lib/SDP	26	29	30	+4

Peter Kellner

Council scoreboard

1 November

Dartford DC	LAB GAIN (Ind)
Bournemouth DC	2 LIB GAINS (Con)
Gillingham DC	Lib hold
South Wight DC	Lib hold
Basingstoke DC	Con hold
Congleton DC	Con hold
Hinckley & Bosworth DC	Con hold
Tendring DC	Con hold
Westminster LBC	Con hold
Wycombe DC	Con hold

8 November

Macclesfield DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Rushcliffe DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Uttlesford DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Harrogate DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
Grampian Reg.	Lab hold
Coventry City	Lab hold
Coventry City	Con hold
Broxbourne DC	Con hold
Castle Point DC	Con hold
Notts CC	Con hold
West Midlands CC	COn hold

15 November

Salisbury DC	LAB GAIN (Ind)
Surrey CC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Liverpool City	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Cleveland CC	Lab hold
Hartlepool DC	Lab hold
Haringey LBC	Lab hold
Tyne & Wear CC	Lab hold
Kingston LBC	Lib hold
Croydon LBC	Con hold
Rushcliffe DC	Con hold

22 November

Newark DC	LAB GAIN (Con)
Lambeth LBC	LIB GAIN (Con)
North Yorks CC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Lambeth LBC	Lab hold
Redbridge LBC	Lab hold
Edinburgh DC	Con hold
Edinburgh DC	Con hold
Sheffield City	Con hold

29 November

Cherwell DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
West Lancs DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
West Lancs DC	Lab hold
Hackney LBC	Lab hold
Lambeth LBC	Lab hold
Grampian Reg	Lib hold

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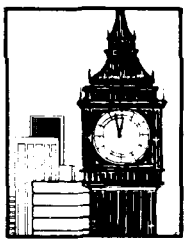

PETER KELLNER

Sir Keith Joseph: too honest for his own good

THE MOST important point about the past ten days' Tory revolt over student grants is that it was entirely unnecessary. In the tactics that Sir Keith Joseph and the Department of Education employed, it was a classic case of the lobby briefing system hopelessly misfiring and, as a result, ministers misreading the likely reaction of Tory MPs.

The consequences, of course, are likely to be immense for the government: no longer can it take for granted the loyalty of its middle-to-better-off supporters; and a considerable number of Conservative backbenchers, having revolted for the first time, might start getting used to the idea. But had it not been for the remarkable political ineptitude that lay behind this week's events, the revolt would almost certainly not have occurred at all.

It is common for ministers, when checking whether a new policy will go down well or badly with the public (or, more precisely, with Fleet Street, MPs and local party activists) to float their ideas anonymously in the press. Mrs Thatcher would not, for example, announce: 'I am planning to have a brain transplant and intend spending some days under the care of Doctor Frankenstein'. Instead, something like this will appear in the public prints: 'It is believed in Whitehall that the Prime Minister will shortly have a hospital check-up. During her absence, cabinet meetings will be chaired by Viscount Whitelaw'.

Should this announcement lead to rioting in Southgate, angry editorials in the *Mail* and the *Telegraph*, and a critical early day motion signed by 200 Conservative backbenchers, all saying that the Prime Minister should under no circumstances leave her desk other than to visit the toilet, it is open to Mrs Thatcher to announce: 'I am not going to hospital; I never intended to go to hospital; the press got it all wrong'. The press will take it uncomplainingly on the chin, hoping (probably rightly) that the next lobby briefing will not rebound in this way.

For this system of government-by-leak to work, two conditions need to be met. First, the press must conceal the provenance of its information — and therefore conceal one of the most important facts about its story: why the leak is taking place. Second, the leak, while not necessarily being wholly accurate, must convey sufficient information to flush out any adverse response to what is being proposed.

In the case of the student grants row, the press has met the first condition, but the government failed to meet the second. During the summer there was sporadic speculation by education writers that Sir Keith Joseph was thinking of abolishing the minimum student grant. He had already halved it from £410 a year to £205, and the heavens failed to strike him down with lightning; so, the rumours went, he would go ahead and cut the rest.

On Monday 22 October, three weeks before Nigel Lawson's autumn budget, the hardest story yet appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. (For any minister wanting to leak to a paper like the *Telegraph*, Monday is the best day to get it published: there is generally little real news to report, so news editors hunt for their stories by following up the Sunday papers, watching *Weekend World* — and finding out what their specialist writers have picked up from their sources.)

The *Telegraph* story, by its education correspondent, reported that 'Sir Keith Joseph is this week expected to accept a Treasury proposal that would deprive more than 48,000 students of their grant'. Apart from the fact that the proposal came from Sir Keith himself, and not from the Treasury, this was exactly the kind of story that ministers hoped would draw out any Tories likely to revolt.

Unfortunately for the government, however, too little of what was being planned was leaked. According to the *Telegraph*, the plans would save £10 million a year. Nothing was said either about the more rapid tapering off of grants to students from better-off families; nor was there any mention of some tuition fees needing to be paid by the wealthiest. Instead, the story said that 'the argument put by the Treasury was that. . .the richest of the parents involved, would not feel the pinch if they had to pay an additional £205 a year to their sons and daughters'.

I HAVE no wish to get involved in an argument with John Izbicki, the journalist who wrote that story. He wrote, fully, accurately and fairly, what someone high up in the Department of Education had told him was likely to happen. (If Downing Street or the Treasury had been the source, the story would have been written by a political or economics correspondent.) The department, however, badly misjudged what would follow. Few if any complaints were heard from Tory MPs or *Telegraph*-reading parents of university students; so Joseph concluded that he could present his whole package with impunity.

Had the full proposals, or something like them, been leaked in advance, the furore *before* Lawson's autumn budget would surely have diverted the government from its course. After all, with only one thirtieth of one per cent of the total of public spending at stake, it is a mouse of an issue for even Joseph to defend to the last ditch. So why was a more effective kite not flown beforehand?

Paradoxically, the most plausible answer is that Joseph passionately believes in what he is doing. Like Tony Benn, he believes in persuading people by the logic of his case, rather than by the manipulation of Fleet Street. Like Benn, he is not a cynical leaker. When he is ready to say something, he says it publicly and believes that his audience will respond decently and rationally and agree with him. So convinced is Joseph by his own case that when he came to answer education questions in the Commons on Tuesday, he treated his Tory critics like wayward children who had misunderstood Euclid, not like the people they are: substandard characters in *Minder* trying to keep their snouts in the trough.

A more cynical minister than Joseph would have leaked more, and then retreated before the revolt occurred. But then, a more cynical minister would probably never have tried it on in the first place. The Treasury floated the idea of raising parental contributions to student grants as part of the July 1980 package of public spending cuts. It was one of the proposals for cutting the education budget by 10 per cent.

However, Mark Carlisle, then education secretary, with Lady Young, his minister of state, went to see Mrs Thatcher and persuaded her to halve the cuts in the education budget. As Hugh Stephenson recorded in *Mrs Thatcher's First Year*, their argument for not raising parental contributions was simple: the Treasury's plans would 'hit people like us, whom we're supposed to be helping'.

Joseph, as a purer Thatcherite, has never thought of the issue like that. His proposals on student grants flowed directly from two propositions: first, that public spending is too high; and second, that higher education is essentially a 'private good' — that is, its benefits accrue chiefly to the students themselves. The logic of this position is that the government has no business subsidising students from better-off families — those who, in Joseph's words, are 'credit-worthy' and should be able to borrow in order to meet the costs of student life.

Joseph's retreat on tuition fees on Wednesday has not removed the underlying conflict between Thatcherism and the interests of middle-class Conservative voters. It is of the essence of free-market, low-public-spending theory that the greatest recipients of Treasury largesse — whether in the form of grants or tax concessions — should gradually lose their privileges. Those recipients are the rich as much as — and sometimes more than — the poor. Joseph understands that point; so does Lawson. Most Tory backbenchers do not. The main, unanswered question after the events of the past ten days is: does Mrs Thatcher? □

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THE GUILT OF THE FATHERS

Child molesters are reviled as the most abhorrent criminals. Here Anita Bennett shows that the demand made by adults, who may understand little of their own outrage, for harsher sentences may only strengthen the refusal of abusers to face up to their offence

NO CRIME evokes such an inappropriate response as the sexual abuse of children. The horror, outrage and cries for the harshest retribution with which most adults greet news of this crime is the last thing a child who has suffered sexual abuse needs. Harsh retribution — often carried out, with society's tacit consent, by other prisoners — rarely punishes the man, let alone reforms him. For the more he fears the retribution the more he lies about what he has done, either pretending he is in prison for, say, burglary or refusing to accept that his abuse of the child was in any sense wrong. And a response of sheer outrage does nothing to teach any adult about the complex pattern of sexual feeling which is involved in the prevalence of child sexual abuse.

For, of course, the fact is that, like most sexual crime, the abuse of children is predominantly a family affair; or, at least, carried out by adults known to the child and in a relationship of trust. While abuse by strangers does damage children it is, according to child psychiatrist Dr Tony Baker, more likely to be an isolated event from which children recover. It is the 'double abuse' by familiar adults — abuse of the child's body and of the relationship of trust — which causes the child the most long-lasting harm, particularly when it is carried out in the nexus of the immediate family.

Child sex abuse is a profound problem, both in its character and extent. (The MORI/Channel 4 poll for Gambles/Milne's current television series on child sex abuse showed that 10 per cent of all adults were abused in childhood.) But the Home Office appears to have abdicated any responsibility for instituting a legal and therapeutic system which best serves the needs of the child victim. When we approached the Home Office for a filmed interview for the series, we were merely offered the statement: 'The Home Secretary called last year for tougher sentences, 20 years, for child molesters who also murdered.'

The fatuity of this response can be illustrated with one story. Trish was sexually abused by both her parents from the age of six. Her mother died when she was 11. On the day after her mother's funeral, her father, a prison officer, moved her into his bedroom and began to treat her sexually as his wife. By the time she was 16 she was pregnant. Her father refused to let her have an abortion and she gave birth to a boy seven years ago. Two years ago, in order to protect her son, Trish used the law against incest to have her father imprisoned.

She too was then prosecuted for incest and her son was taken from her and put in care. In the words of her friend Anne: 'Prison lost her everything. She went to the system to protect her son and they took him away. I heard that her father just got out of prison and now she's nervous he will take revenge.'

The government has left it to a growing body of voluntary associations and professionals to try to propose what a better legal and therapeutic system should look like. Funds to study the question have been provided by the drug company Ciba-Geigy, who last Friday published a comprehensive book, *Child Sex Abuse Within the Family*. Their professional consultants believe the offender should not be imprisoned for a first offence (the average sentence is two years, usually suspended). Rather, they propose, the offending adult should be put on a probation order with a requirement that he or she undertake psychiatric treatment.

THE USUAL reponse to such proposals is to reject them scornfully as a soft option. But looked at through the eyes of the abused child, it is often the victim not the offender who is made to feel most guilty by a prison sentence. In the programme we broadcast last week, Lesley, who was abused from just before her third birthday, said: 'My father said that if I told anyone he would go to prison and my brothers sent into a home.' The threat of prison gagged her, not her father. Helena Kennedy, a feminist barrister who is often defence counsel for abusers, comments that 'the child feels responsible for incarcerating their father, of taking him away from home, of losing the breadwinner.'

Once the legal procedure has been set in motion, it can add a quality of dramatic and alien horror which was not present in the abuse itself. One 11-year-old girl, whose stepfather sought medical help for his paedophilic advances, was reported to the police by the social services. She was whisked out of school and told she would 'see mummy' at the police station. Fortunately, a caring teacher insisted on accompanying her. Her mother was not there, for she did not even know where her daughter was. The child was kept at the station for questioning for four hours, during which she became hysterical. When the police surgeon finally arrived, the teacher was refused permission to accompany the little girl for the internal examination. In pursuit of criminal evidence, all consideration of the child's needs had been waived.

The difficulty which the police and penal system have in making the child's needs their priority in part reflects the deep ambivalence which sexual crimes provoke. Doug Taylor, who appears in this Saturday's programme, began to use his daughter for his sexual gratification when his wife withdrew from him. She had just had a baby and was working nights. 'My daughter may have been feeling sorry for me', he says. 'I felt so guilty, but it was a kind of addiction.'

The problem came to light through the school, the police were called in. The NSPCC then offered counselling for the entire family. The child's mother chose to stay with her husband, and the child was moved into a safe home, with friends. After intensive months of discussion the family felt they were getting somewhere, and came together again for a Christmas reunion. An appointment was made for specialised sex therapy.

That was rudely cut short by Doug's trial. He was sentenced to prison against the advice of the NSPCC and the wishes of both his wife and daughter. The local paper decided to report the case, entailing public humiliation for both mother and daughter. Mrs Taylor says: 'I received telephone calls offering me sex. I had to change to ex-directory. My daughter was harassed at school and blamed by her brother for causing Doug to go to prison.' A prison officer, as often happens, let the other prisoners know what Doug had been sentenced for. He was beaten up, and later suffered a nervous breakdown. It is unlikely that this penal procedure gave his daughter a better chance for her own recovery than did the therapy.

SOCIETY'S TOLERANCE of, if not active collusion with, the treatment meted out by prisoners to child sex offenders, reflects the depth of fear and rage which the crime induces. When, recently, prisoners poured hot tea over the head of a man responsible for circulating material from the Paedophile Information Exchange (he had not actually abused any child), this was almost gloatingly reported by several newspapers. Yet in no other area of life would we encourage a ghetto of incarcerated criminals both to lay down society's scale of moral values and to carry out the consequent acts of retribution. A system where the only 'real' sexual crime is that committed by an adult against a child tacitly accepts that sexual assaults against women, in particular, do not actually transgress the moral code.

The fear of long, and dangerous prison sentences will, of course, encourage accused men to plead not guilty. This, as Helena Kennedy points out, further prolongs the misery for the child who has to give evidence in court. This is not to say that no child sex offender should be prosecuted or sent to prison. But, if one of the purposes of prison is to get men to accept responsibility for the crime, then therapy can usually do this better than prison. At the least, the more responsibility the man accepts for his actions, the less guilty the child feels.

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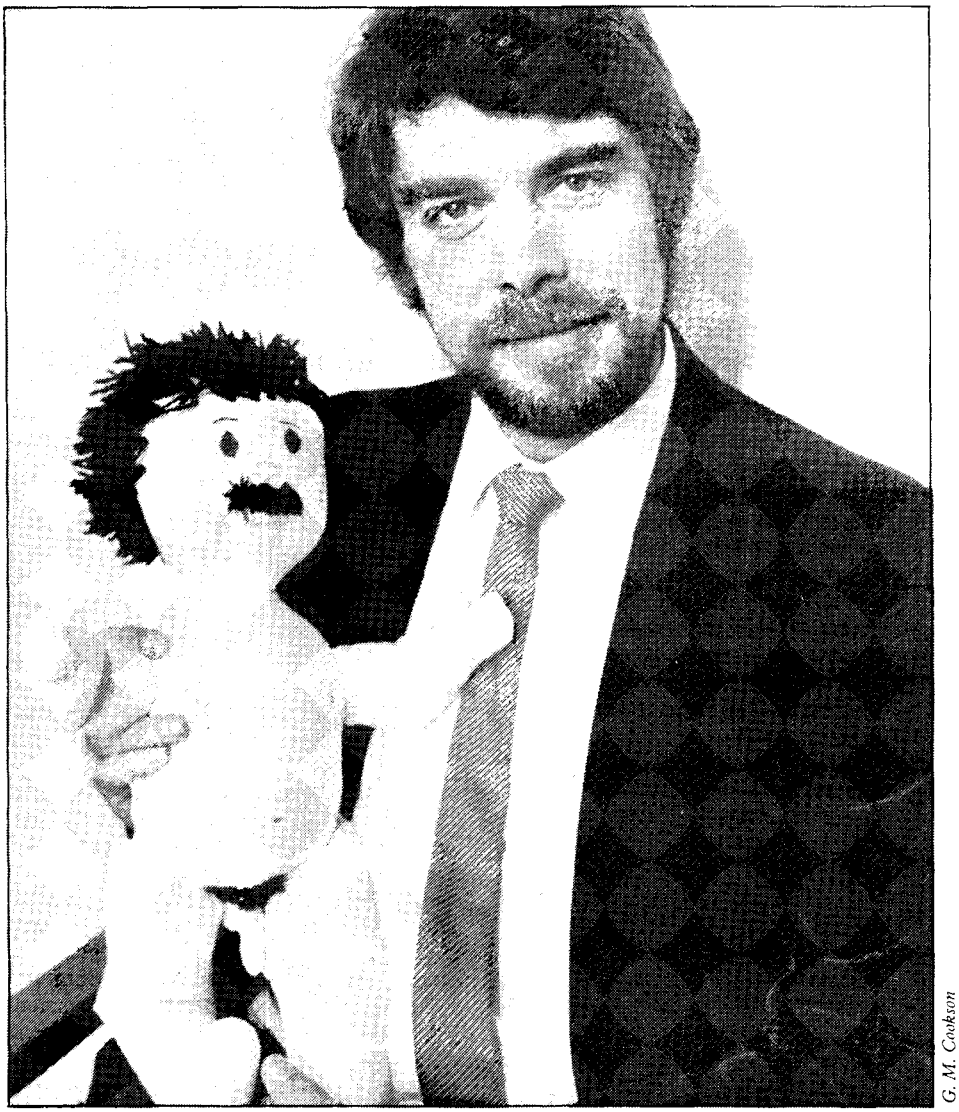

G. M. Cookson

Dr Tony Baker, the consultant for the TV series and deviser of the first nationwide poll on child sex abuse, here holds an anatomically authentic doll. Such dolls can be used by abused children to point out what has been done to them

Placing offenders on probation with the condition that they undertake psychiatric treatment is not a soft option. Paul Griffiths, whose pioneering work in the NSPCC is widely recognised, says: 'I've had a man tell me "I'd prefer to be in prison than have you talk to me in that way". Men will cry out "Don't tell me that, I've been through it in court". They see themselves as victims of the system and they go into prison and erect a cocoon. In prison, they say they did something different and then come out and actually believe it.'

His colleague, Dave Truan, points out that 'some children don't hate their fathers or their parents for what has happened. All they want is for the abuse to stop and for the family to be together. Otherwise it's a tremendous burden for that child to carry. The child is crying out for help and what happens is that not only is the offender imprisoned but the family are also behind bars — bars set up by individual members of the family against each other, bars set up by members of the community because we all have experience of sexuality, either positive or negative, that colours our views of how we confront sexual abuse.'

BEFORE adults can really help an abused child, they therefore need to have come to terms with their own sexual feelings, especially in the complex triangular relationship of husband, wife and child. Helen Kenward, a social worker in Northamptonshire, says that professional revulsion at the child's story can cause further trauma to the child, and she organises urgent 'sensitivity training' for professionals. She herself says that when dealing with her first case, a 14-year-old girl who was describing 'horrific things', 'I found it difficult not to laugh.' Most adults, when not experienced in the problem, will have an inappropriate response, giving off signals to the child which make him or her feel worse.

According to the NSPCC's Paul Griffiths, this adds up to a 'professional conspiracy not to treat the problem.' For instance, although in 1980 physical and emotional abuse were agreed grounds drawn up by the DHSS for placing a child on the At Risk Register, sexual abuse is not. 'We couldn't agree on a definition', one spokesman explained. If nothing else, the category would have an educational function for the professionals. A doctor in Leicestershire, puzzled by the notion, asked a specialist social worker if 'a father fondling her breasts was really sexual abuse.'

Programmes, courses, information, therapy dealing with sexuality will not end sexual abuse; but they could reduce its incidence and, at least, respond to sexual problems in a less repressive way. Doug Taylor, the father who was sent to prison for abusing his child, says: 'After my vasectomy I didn't feel like a man, it was causing problems with my wife and me. I went to my GP and he said "everybody goes through it". I went back to see him but he was embarrassed to talk about it.' His wife, staunchly Catholic, says 'I still find it embarrassing to talk about sex to my daughter.'

Clearly the education of children themselves would be a protective measure for them. But when Jessica Skippon and Carolyn Okell-Jones of the Tavistock Clinic approached the DHSS for funds to complete an educational video directed at children, they were turned down, and advised to make a public appeal through our programme. The Incest Survivors' Campaign has recently begun to focus its attention on teaching children to react against harmful touching. Says Ellen DuPont, 'We teach kids not to cross the road without looking both ways. We should do the same for harmful touching.'

THERE IS a danger in so emphasising the dangers of sex, the threat of touching, that the repressive New Puritanism will establish its sway over sexual attitudes. Using scare tactics to warn children of sexual abuse is no good unless the children can first recognise and accept loving sexuality between adults and not feel guilty about their own sensual feelings.

Here advice from professional workers, including teachers, and voluntary agencies is needed, if only to break the proven cycle that can get established of one generation's abused and inhibited child becoming the next generation's inhibited, or abusing, parent. This raises the thorny problem of why so many mothers appear to turn a blind eye to the incestuous abuse of their children. It's thorny because it can suggest that the woman shares, or even bears the main burden of blame for the sexual actions of the man. Yet in the complex set of sexual feelings which can lead to child abuse, the woman may be implicated. She may subconsciously wish her daughter to take her sexual place or merely, in her dislike of her 'role' as mother to her daughter or sexual partner to her husband, be indifferent to the abuse. One common profile of a family at risk is of a quiet man whose responses are childish and a woman who prefers to mother him, finding it easier to love this 'son' than the daughter.

It would be wrong then to see women as only victims of a perverse male sexuality. Although the majority of abusers are men and victims are girls, the poll showed a significant percentage of men were abused as children (8 per cent of men as boys and 12 per cent of women as girls). The Incest Crisis Line estimates that 10 per cent of abusers are women. Dr Tony Baker, the programme consultant and poll deviser, tells of a baby boy's penis being severely bruised by his mother.

Yes we need to continue to analyse and condemn male violence; men cannot continue to refuse responsibility for their own sexual feelings or the consequences. But women too need to question whether we wrongly project all responsibility for sexual relations onto men, insisting on our own passivity at the expense both of ourselves and our children. □

Anita Bennett is the reporter in the 20/20 Vision series on child sex abuse, produced by Gambles/Milne for Channel 4. Two further programmes will be shown on 8 and 15 December at 9.15pm.

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THE FORUM EXOCET

Irish political opinion was enraged at Mrs Thatcher's rude dismissal of the main forum options writes Mary Holland

AP

Mrs Thatcher attempts to kiss and make up with Dr FitzGerald at the EEC summit

DUBLIN'S normally easy-going centre had the air of a fortified city for the early part of this week. High security is not unusual for meetings of EEC heads of government, but this occasion has proved a particular headache for the Irish government. It has taken place at a time when the popularity rating of Mrs Thatcher among Irish people is several points lower than that of Attila the Hun; and when the lady herself is known to have become increasingly preoccupied with the question of her own personal security.

At one stage there was speculation that the British prime minister might not come to Dublin. The European wine lake and the problems of Spain and Portugal do not rate very high on Britain's list of EEC priorities and it is not considered unusual for individual Common Market premiers to skip the odd summit meeting. However, it was pointed out that if Mrs Thatcher did absent herself from this meeting in Dublin there would have been quite dramatic repercussions on the marginally more pressing political problem of Northern Ireland. At the very least it was considered crucial that she should attempt to soothe Irish feelings by being seen to be on continuing good terms with Dr Garrett FitzGerald.

Wounded feelings in Dublin are nothing new in Anglo-Irish relations. Even so, the latest fracas following the meeting between Mrs Thatcher and Dr FitzGerald at Chequers a fortnight ago, should not be lightly dismissed in London as just a case of the Irish getting over-excited about Mrs Thatcher's style. The continuing repercussions of the row on this side of the Irish Sea have inflicted severe political damage on Garrett FitzGerald, both within his own party and in Ireland generally.

They have greatly enhanced the popularity of the Fianna Fail leader, Charles Haughey, who has made brilliant capital from the episode. In Northern Ireland the angry reaction of the Catholic minority will benefit the Provisional IRA, and make it even more difficult for the SDLP to stick to its line of moderate constitutional nationalism. The rampant triumphalism of the main Unionist parties (not to mention the re-emergence of Enoch Powell as a force to be reckoned with) has already led to a spate of verbal abuse between the two communities in Ulster, which is at the very least destructive of hopes for political progress and could prove murderous.

What has been particularly galling for the officials in both Dublin and London, who have been involved for months in talks designed to achieve closer Anglo-Irish co-operation on Northern Ireland, is that a very real rift appears to have been caused more by style than substance — specifically the styles of the two prime ministers involved. If this incident has taught either or both leaders how much appearances matter in the context of Northern Ireland, it may yet prove to have been a useful experience.

The original row erupted not from the 22 hours that the Irish delegation spent at Chequers two weeks ago, but from the press conferences afterwards. Nobody disputes that the talks themselves were tough and difficult. They revealed deep differences between the two governments about what part the Republic should play in the running of Northern Ireland, which may prove impossible to reconcile. But at least they left the way open for further discussions on the issues involved — security, minority rights, the administration of justice, devolved government.

Mrs Thatcher was at pains to stress to journalists that her talks with Dr FitzGerald had been 'the most frank and realistic' she had ever had with an Irish prime minister, a phrase agreed in advance between the two leaders. She also emphasised that the talks had been difficult because they had been talking about 'specifics', not easy generalities. Most British journalists who have covered Ireland seem to have felt that the talks had gone a great deal better than some of the Irish delegation might have feared. The prime minister's interest appeared, against formidable odds, to have been engaged. Perhaps there was even grounds for modest optimism. These journalists were, of course, well accustomed to Mrs Thatcher's robust way with the press.

That isn't how it looked in Ireland where the prime minister's press conference was broadcast live. Irish viewers are not used to Mrs Thatcher's style and to them it sounded patronising, arrogant and dismissive of their most dearly held convictions. What caused particular offence was her response to one question about the report of the New Ireland Forum in which she ruled out the three options for new political structures in the island as a whole. The headline 'OUT! OUT! OUT!' has since appeared all over the Irish newspapers.

The irony of all this is that it had been agreed beforehand that Mrs Thatcher would hold her press conference first so that Dr FitzGerald could respond to it. The Irish embassy in London had an official at Downing Street, but he was under strict instructions to be back at base by 6 pm to brief the Irish prime minister for his press conference, which meant that he missed the question which one Irish official described to me ruefully as 'the Forum Exocet'. Dr FitzGerald started talking to journalists without knowing that in pubs and homes all over Ireland people were threatening to smash their TV sets in rage at Mrs Thatcher.

There seems no doubt that Mrs Thatcher does trust Dr FitzGerald and that this confidence is based on the fact that he won't let her down in public by making exaggerated claims for anything that may have been said in discussions between them, thus causing problems with the Unionists. True to form, his press conference on this occasion was discreet to the point of fumbling paralysis. What Irish people saw was a British prime minister brutally dismissive about their nationalist aspirations, followed by their own leader who had the air of a beaten and exhausted man.

The domestic response was swift and has continued, more or less, up to this week. Dr FitzGerald has been attacked, not just by Mr

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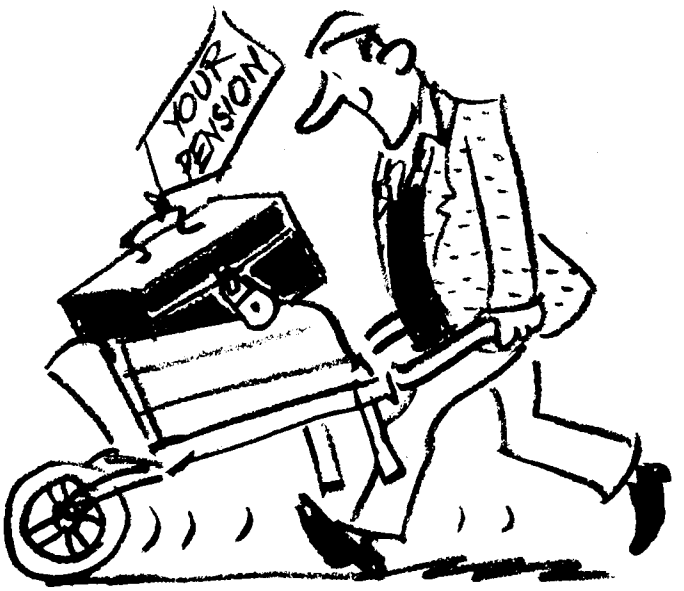

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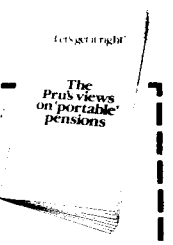

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Haughey but by senior members of his own party who fear for the political fallout in the country. There have been rumours that his leadership is under threat and it might well be if there was a suitable candidate to succeed him.

Over the past two weeks there have been desperate efforts to try and repair the damage that has been done, mainly in Dublin but to a certain extent in London. Mrs Thatcher came to Dublin and did her best to 'kiss and make up'. Douglas Hurd, her Northern Ireland Secretary, has made a speech at Avignon (yes, Avignon) explaining that of course there must be some role for the Irish government in the affairs of the North. It is very doubtful whether this can detract from the original impact of Mrs Thatcher on television or whether it will make up for the damage which has been done to Dr FitzGerald's political standing. As important, the whole row has focused public opinion here on the fragile state of negotiations between the two sides.

Already it is clear that both governments are going to find it a great deal harder to consider the kinds of concessions the other needs — on extradition and its constitutional claim to Northern Ireland on part of Dublin; on some formal role for the Irish government in the running of the North on the British side.

Officials have a brief to keep talking, but they can't talk forever. Those involved think it will be difficult to keep discussions going for more than a couple of months. At the end of that time Mrs Thatcher will have to decide whether she trusts Dr FitzGerald enough to try to work out some future for Northern Ireland with him. If not, he's going to have to abandon their relationship. His own party won't let him do anything else. □

WELFARE STATE

HIVING OFF THE ELDERLY

Phil Cohen looks at the market in old people

HILDA NORRIS is 87, infirm and incontinent and needs round-the-clock care. She lives in a private rest home in Bexhill-on-Sea on the south coast and is charged £120 a week for the privilege.

As she has savings of less than £3,000 she is eligible for her fees to be paid by the DHSS but the local benefit office said recently that it would only pay £90 since that was the 'reasonable weekly charge for full board and lodging available in the area or nearby and suitable for a claimant in the type of accommodation'.

That definition comes from instructions sent to local benefit offices last year when they were required to contact private homes to find out their fees, and then set local maximum limits for fees payable for those in nursing and residential care. Although in their calculations the officers were supposed to ignore 'any homes which seem exceptionally costly because they are providing luxurious accommodation,' the effect was to uprate the fees payable considerably and lead to a massive jump in the total paid out. Hence the recently announced ceiling of £120 a week for old people's homes and £148 for nursing homes.

The Residential Care Homes Association which took up Hilda Norris's case argued that local fees actually ranged from £72 to £135 a week and her charge fell within that, but a DHSS appeals officer said some figures were inflated by including the £27.20 attendance allowance paid for those needing extra care, and upheld the £90 figure.

The maximum weely limits have varied crazily, from £200 in Chelsea to £80 in Liverpool. In Leytonstone, East London, charges of £295 a week were reported. The then social security ministers Tony Newton and Rhodes Boyson were blamed for not foreseeing what would happen and social services secretary Norman Fowler was horrified at the leap in payments — from £39 million in 1982 to £102 million last year to £300 million this year for people in residential and nursing homes. Mr Fowler now wants to administer the system centrally.

The mess is a consequence of the government' own philosophy of handing over State responsibilities to the private and voluntary sector — along with, in many cases, a fat profit for the private owners. It is not that the elderly are choosing to go into private homes. Rather, they are being discharged into them as hospital wards close and financially-squeezed hospital administrators put pressure on consultants to release beds.

Counsel and Care for the Elderly, an organisation which provides help and information, dealt with the case of a man whom a hospital consultant had threatened to take to the Court of Protection unless he immediately moved his mother, who was mentally alert, into a nursing home.

In Eastbourne at least seven people have been moved into nursing homes in the last three months from Hellingly psychiatric hospital. They were nearly all in their 80s and most were too helpless to understand what was happening to them. The DHSS has been paying £186.80 a week for each of them, including boarding out, attendance and personal allowances, totalling £67,995 a year which goes straight into private hands from the central purse. Multiply that by the people being transferred from hospital to homes with the help of social services departments in Hastings, Bexhill, Brighton, Bournemouth and right along the south coast, and the figure must be between £¼-½ million in just one part of the country.

TURFING THE elderly out of State institutions into, if they are lucky, costly private ones, goes under that now-shameful euphemism 'community care'. In theory, this welfare policy of the 1980s would allow the vulnerable to live in *their* communities, as active but cared for members of them. And indeed, a Department of the Environment report, *Staying At Home*, by Dr Anthea Tinker, found that old people did prefer to stay in their own homes rather than move into sheltered housing or residential care.

But to honour this choice, local authorities need a range of support systems like mobile wardens, full-time home carers, home helps and meals on wheels. Unless and until these are

Nick Oakes/Sean

Care in a responsible private home

available, private homes offer the elderly neither a true community nor the independence and privacy they want. As such, it is pointless and often callous to uproot them from the State institutions where they have been for a long time.

One social worker on the south coast says: 'New homes are opening monthly to harvest the rich pickings available, and many of them are run by nurses who have left the health service. If this public money were put into State care, who would need to talk of cuts?'

In fact, cost is not the government's only concern. As much as anything else, it does not wish to be lumbered with more employees and the responsibility for the welfare of the vulnerable. Those are private, not State, concerns.

There is no shortage of private interests willing to cash in. A body called the International Hospitals Group Ltd recently hired estate agents Strutt and Parker to write in confidence to a host of organisations in the south of England in the hope they might be 'considering a disposal. Our clients are seeking to purchase the freehold of either existing homes or alternatively large country houses, educational establishments, hotels etc which are suitable for conversion.'

Worried by reports of low standards in some homes the DHSS has raised the maximum fine for running an unregistered rest home from £500 to £2,000, introduced a new code of practice and told local and health authorities to inspect homes at least once a year — though there are far too few inspectors to monitor them properly.

One in five of Britain's population is now over 65 and this will increase dramatically by the year 2,000. Either the State will provide the resources for real choice, or the elderly will be confined to a ghetto of commercial interests, 'enjoying' luxurious conditions where they can afford it, or suffering whatever standards the private sector imposes to still make a profit under the government's ceiling on fees. □

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NUCLEAR TESTS

MEN AND BOYS EXPOSED TO 'THE DEVIL'S WHIP'

Evidence piles up that the effects of fallout were tested on service personnel — who are still suffering. Judith Cook reports

WHEN THE British government tested its nuclear bombs in 1956 boys as young as fifteen and a half were used as guinea pigs in an experiment to discover the effects of fallout. Today, almost 30 years later, there are nearly 70 people living in and around the city of Plymouth alone who are either suffering from serious diseases, have produced deformed children, or both. Others have died. What they all had in common was that they took part in the Monte Bello nuclear tests and many of them had served on the Devonport-based *HMS Diana*.

This month, the Australian Royal Commission is in London taking evidence of the safety precautions in force at the time during the British tests in Australia in 1952 and 1963. Already the Australian government has complained bitterly that the British government are using the Official Secrets Act to prevent information being used during the Commission's Inquiry (see last week's *New Statesman*).

The deliberate experimental use of naval personnel was discovered when the Nuclear Test Veterans got hold of a document released under the 30-year rule. Marked 'Top Secret' with a reference C.O.S. (33)239 and headed 'Chiefs of Staff Committee — Atomic Weapon Trials' it said:

> Although some information is available from the earliest American trials there is much to be learned before essential decisions can be taken on the design of various types of ships. The Army must discover the detailed effects of various types of explosion on equipment, stores and *men* with and *without* various types of protection. (my emphasis)

This was 11 years after Hiroshima.

In Plymouth, the *Western Morning News*, under its new editor Brian MacArthur, set about finding test veterans in and around the city. Among them were men who served on the *Diana* who can verify that 30 teenage boys were on board when the *Diana* was sent in search of the fallout area. They were naval cadets aged between 15½ and 17. Mr Douglas Atkinson, who is now severely disabled, was on board at the time, and remembers parts of the *Diana* being thrown overboard afterwards as it was so radioactive. Men and boys watched the bomb go off without any protective clothing at all, not even goggles. They were not wearing dosemeters.

Another *Diana* sailor says he became ill shortly after steaming through the fallout area, was passing blood and 'something' was removed from his bladder. He is now suffering from blockage of the arteries.

A Cornish detective, Harry Angwin, who died from cancer in 1983 left statements to the effect he believed his cancer had been caused by his taking part in the tests. He actually set up the tests on Monte Bello island and watched the bomb go off wearing only plimsolls and shorts. Afterwards he helped clear up, this time wearing protective clothing, when he was splashed with radioactive water. In November 1978 he developed a small lump on his thigh which was later diagnosed as cancer. It eventually spread throughout his body and his consultant told him that as he had undoubtedly been exposed to a significant dose of radiation, it was certainly possible his tumour was radiation induced.

Jack Merrett, who died of cancer last October, wrote a long account of watching the 'largest H bomb ever' explode at 8.45 in the morning. He, with others, stood with their backs to the explosion but still felt a searing blast and a brilliant light. They turned round to look and he describes the mushroom cloud and the light and a sound 'like the Devil's whip'.

Frank Bate of Plymouth, another veteran, is sure his deformed son is the result of his own exposure to radiation. The baby was born with hypercalcaemia, over-production of calcium. Frank watched the explosion and the only protective clothing with which he was issued were goggles and gloves. His wife miscarried their first child at five months; the second, Ross, was born in 1961. His eyesight was defective, one kidney was defective, and he required immediate surgery. When his mother visited him and picked him up she discovered his wounds had not been stitched, only clamped. He nearly came to pieces. The doctors had been convinced he would die and only after she complained was he stitched up. When he was eight he had most of his stomach removed and also has damaged glands.

Paul Scott, son of another veteran, died at the age of 15 having been born with severe deformities and a heart defect. His father, Peter, had a cancerous growth removed from his mouth in 1978, two years before Paul's death and has since had a neck operation. The radiation caused his teeth to crumble. Mr Scott points out that 'severe poverty' is one effect of exposure to radiation as survivors have to get by on social security.

THE GOVERNMENT will make no public

"What can the Kingsway Project do to develop employment and training initiatives for women?"

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acknowledgments that the men and boys employed at the time in service of Queen and country may have suffered damage. But following a public outcry after two television programmes in 1982 on the effects of nuclear tests, the government reluctantly set up an inquiry. This was criticised by the veterans as it was to be under the auspices of the government's own National Radiological Protection Board. In letters to *The Lancet* on 9 April and 8 October last year, a group of doctors expressed grave reservations over the terms of reference of the inquiry and its statistical basis.

The team leader of the project was Dr John Reissland of the NRPB and he prepared a Protocol document on how the survey was to be undertaken. It was clear that one difficulty would be the inadequacy of Ministry of Defence records. But the inquiry has done little work for Dr Reissland died, some of his team were sent back to their original departments and only recently has another team been set up. A spokesman for the NRPB told the *New Statesman* that the new committee was now at work.

Dr John Reissland's death is, itself, something of a mystery. On 19 December 1983 Dr Reissland, who was head of the NRPB's Physic Department, heard a sound in his loft. He went to investigate. A neighbour heard him shout and went up to find the top of the house on fire and Dr Reissland burning like a torch. He died in hospital on 10 January. So far three teams of forensic scientists have been unable to discover what caused the fire; no wiring faults were found when this was checked after the event. The coroner recorded a verdict of death by misadventure. □

STUDENTS

JUMPING OUT OF APATHY

Is the sudden grants protest mere middle-class militancy? Jane Dibblin reports

CHANTING students filling the streets, waving banners, blockading the Houses of Parliament. The scenes in London last Wednesday were reminiscent of the '60s protesting students before they put their heads down to work for an increasingly scarce job. So are we now seeing a new era of student militancy, or just the voice of middle-class militant self-interest?

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Most students leaders are adamant that the 30,000-strong protest was not selfish. 'There have been cuts in grants and in education generally in recent years, but the breaking point came with the proposal to introduce tuition fees. That undermines the whole principle of free higher education,' said Timothy Brown, deputy president of Newcastle University. He's part of a predominantly left-wing student union executive. But Mike Hall, deputy president of Birmingham University, who belongs to the Federation of Conservative Students, agreed. '"Wet" Tories support optional private education and health because they encompass an element of choice. Tuition fees mean no choice . . .'

At first glance, Sir Keith Joseph's proposals seem to be out of line with Tory thinking — the people hurt are those who can most afford it, the wealthier middle classes earning more than £23,000 per family. Certainly, it's defending the interests of those constituents which is bringing the Tory backbenches to life. But the protest is also about the freedom of youth from parental control. Bill Cooke, President of Leeds Polytechnic, said: 'Students below 25 will need parental consent and approval for the course they choose. If parents don't approve, the new rules will mean their children have to pay tuition fees so they simply cannot study.'

He and others warned of various repercussions. Middle-class families who decide they can only afford to educate one of their children may well prefer the son. And parents paying tuition fees will favour job-oriented courses such as accountancy and business studies; peace studies, women's studies and arts in general will find it even harder to survive. A more general fear is that this marks the beginning of the privatisation of higher education.

It is assumed that the government will compromise and drop the proposal on tuition fees — for the time being. But students are worried that the solution will be to review the grants system, and introduce a loan scheme. Elizabeth Snape, president of Liverpool Polytechnic said: 'The loan system was hastily removed from the '79 Tory manifesto, but the government is keen to introduce it as a "compromise"! Interestingly, the manifesto included higher education under the general heading of "Responsibility and the Family"; obviously it no longer wants to see it as a State responsibility.'

Criticisms of the loan system range from the fear of bank managers choosing courses for students to a dramatic decrease in the number of mature students (who would be loathe to take on loans along with families and mortgages) and a bias against those who are already discriminated against by employers — women and black people.

The level of outrage amongst students took their own leaders by surprise. Malcolm Clark, president at Glasgow University, which co-organised a rally of 10,000 in the city, said: 'Every campus is bouncing. Suddenly students are demanding action from the leadership, which has traditionally been more left-wing than the students'. At Liverpool University, where students are normally uninterested in politics, the issue drew the first ever quorate mass meeting, which censured the president for abstaining in a vote on the cuts. A week later, the students demanded an occupation and complained that their executive was not protesting enough.

Yet, if the government draws up a compromise with its revolting backbenchers, is student anger high enough to sustain a prolonged campaign? James Dickenson, president of Oxford University Students Union, reckons it's unpredictable. 'They could become dispirited — or even angrier.' Anthony Hodgson, President of Brighton Poly, thinks differently. 'There is a feeling of overwhelming disillusionment now among students — we are reaching the end of the complacency of the '70s.'

BUT THE FACT remains that the student protests of the '60s and '70s were about Vietnam, apartheid, Grunwick and Northern Ireland. Are today's students demonstrating for Nicaragua, CND and the miners? Janice Turner, vice-president of Sussex University, thought that students were becoming increasingly militant and, on her campus, were broadly in support of the miners' strike. The miners were scorned, though, by Andy Cunningham, president at Exeter University. 'They haven't got as good a case as we have,' he said. Cambridge students, who were criticised recently by their own 'proctors' for their remarkable apathy, sent five coaches to the London demo — and last week 500 of them protested at a visit by the South African ambassador.

Out of apathy, some political awareness is tentatively emerging. But students today are quite defiantly different from those of previous decades. 'Student leaders used to think we were trade unionists. But we simply do not have the economic and industrial power of workers. We have to think carefully how to be politically effective', said Bill Cooke (Leeds Poly). Cambridge students' president Chris Thornton stressed that students have spurned mass demonstrations, in favour of lobbying or political research. They see the old Left methods as having failed.

National Union of Students' president Phil Woolas called today's students 'more serious about their politics'. 'There is a strong radicalism that is not just about demonstrating. There are 340 student women's groups, there is one Conservative president, compared to 40 ten years ago. And in the grant protest 'occupations' last month every institution bar two was closed down in Scotland.'

Perhaps it is not surprising that the late '70s and early '80s student political activity seemed less vociferous, given the resounding defeat of the Left in 1979. Students are uniquely sensitive to the immediate past and mood of the times. Nor is is then surprising that they should re-emerge into the limelight fighting about their own rights. Militant sectional self-defence is also part of the mood of our times. Students will demonstrate 'when they have a special right to speak out' about measures affecting them directly, according to Bristol University president Peter Golding. But as Elizabeth Snape (Liverpool Poly) said: 'For many years it was the first time they felt able to voice their opinions. They are saying that next time they will go back with their friends.' A victory will restore a little of the political confidence which the last decade has sapped. □

Research by Jane Thomas

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THE PEOPLE'S PROFITS

A comprehensive incomes policy is essential for achieving socialist economic aims — and must be debated now if Labour is not to be sent naked into the next election writes Doug Jones

NO MATTER which party is in power, the government plans a large number of incomes — public sector wages, pay to trainees, wage council rates, pensions, child benefits, social security payments and student grants. The question the Labour Party faces is not whether it has a policy for incomes — on that it has no choice — but how comprehensive it wants the planned component to be.

The scope for policy choice between a planned system of income allocation and a haphazard and arbitrary system of free collective bargaining is confined to parts of the private sector. Any honest discussion of this choice must recognise two things. First, the way incomes are determined has consequences for inflation, income distribution, output and jobs. Secondly, no incomes policy — whether planned or based on free collective bargaining — will be perfect. The aim is not to devise a perfect theoretical system but to decide which type of incomes policy is most consistent with the socialist objectives of expansion, employment and equality. If the Labour Party is to get its incomes policy right, it must start working on it now.

The truth is that Thatcher's economic package offers the only system compatible with free collective bargaining over any sustained period of time. But Thatcherism cannot produce growth, reductions in unemployment or a fair distribution of income. This is because the only way in which inflation can be held down and profits maintained or boosted at a time of free collective bargaining is through a policy of deflation, mass unemployment, anti-union laws, privatisation, pay cuts, tax cuts for the rich and increases for the rest, a falling social wage, cash limits and the abolition of the Wages Councils.

These dire policies have happened under free collective bargaining. The powerful have gained at the expense of the weak. It has not been so much the powerful trade unions at the expense of other workers (although most of those in work have made significant gains in real incomes). It has been the recipients of capital, interest and dividends, the upper managers and those in high tax brackets who have made the real gains at the expense of the working class.

In the 1940s and 1950s it was the Left who tended to argue for the planned growth of incomes and the Right of the Labour Party who preferred free collective bargaining. Ironically it is now people who see themselves as left-wing who want to see the most modest changes to the Conservatives' system of free collective bargaining.

There was indeed much left-wing debate in the 1970s and early 1980s as to whether it was desirable for governments to adopt anti-inflation policies. Participants generally recognised that there were economic costs associated with inflation. The arguments were,

Colin Wheeler

first, over whether these inflation costs outweighed the costs of anti-inflation policies in terms of output, employment and real incomes and, secondly, over whether sustained growth and low unemployment were ultimately compatible with high and accelerating inflation.

I am not convinced that these arguments are relevant to the present discussion of incomes policy. On the assumption that inflation will be fairly low at the time of the next election, the purpose of an incomes policy would not be to reduce inflation but to prevent it rising. Rising inflation would retard expansion if it undermined international and business confidence, eroded competitiveness, boosted savings and finally led to fears that, with expansion unsustainable, the government would be forced to reverse its expansionary policy. With a planned incomes policy most of a government stimulus to demand could go into output and jobs rather than higher prices and money incomes.

The question now is whether there are any benefits from allowing inflation to rise, as it undoubtedly would in the absence of government action, that outweigh the disadvantages of inflation itself or an anti-inflation policy. To my knowledge there is no economic evidence that there is some high, non-accelerating level of inflation that would provide a permanently high level of output and employment. Indeed, there are doubts about whether even accelerating inflation, apart from being politically unacceptable, would deliver higher output and more jobs.

IN ADDITION to the economic case, the political case for a coherent, non-monetarist, anti-inflation policy is probably even clearer. And since non-monetarists believe that incomes *are* a factor in pushing up prices, that requires an attitude towards incomes policy. The Labour Party lost the last election campaign with an economic policy that was not perceived to be credible by substantial sections of the electorate. And in large measure this was due to the absence of a clear anti-inflation policy.

Turning to the nature of the incomes policy itself, a lot of care needs to be taken to make it acceptable. This brings us to the tricky area of profits. At present relatively high levels of profitability are probably necessary if incentives for investment are to be provided. A planned incomes policy would almost certainly help in this direction.

At first sight there appear to be two objections to this proposition. First, why should workers want to help build profits rather than bolster their wages? Second, under Mrs Thatcher private sector profitability has risen, yet net domestic investment remains low and unemployment continues to expand.

The answer to these objections is that the problem is not profits as such (even under socialist régimes surpluses or profits are necessary) but who controls those profits. In capitalist economies, workers, local authorities or the government do not usually have a say in how profits are used — how they are allocated between earnings retained by the company and dividends, how the retained earnings are used and who receives the dividends. There is no direct incentive for workers to build profits and no guarantee that those profits will not be used for investment overseas, high dividend payments for shareholders, take-overs or just added to idle bank accounts.

If profits are to become acceptable, they must be accountable. Therefore collective bargaining must not be restricted to pay and conditions. It must be extended to investment decisions through planning agreements and the introduction of more industrial democracy consisting of rights to information and representation. This must be coupled with profit-sharing schemes which preferably involve employees holding shares in the companies they work for with the rights normally associated with shareholding. Ideally this would take place through extensions of common ownership via local Enterprise Boards, conversion to co-ops, Swedish-style trade union investment funds or socially

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controlled pension funds.

The long-term aim of these proposals is to build up a planned incomes policy that is linked to other aspects of planning, whilst at the same time being based primarily on incentives and self-interest rather than sanctions and self-restraint.

The other main call on income is taxation. Tax policy must have two redistribution aims. First, to shift income distribution from the private to the public sector. And, second, to bring about a fairer distribution of income and wealth in the economy as a whole. Tax policy and the social wage would therefore be areas that would have to be discussed when annual guidelines for the incomes plan were drawn up.

AT PRESENT, and increasingly in future as new technologies displace more labour, we shall need to expand publically funded employment. It is no good if the benefits of new technology go to decreasing numbers of ever more highly paid employed people, while public services and the infrastructure decline and the increasing numbers of poor and unemployed lose out.

While the tax system will be the main vehicle for the redistribution of income and wealth and the promotion of equality — indeed, it is probably the most effective means to curb excessive rises in non-wage incomes and fringe benefits — incomes policy has an essential role to play in making two measures to reduce pre-tax inequality effective. These are a tightening of equal pay legislation and the enforcement of a minimum wage. Both imply a substantial squeeze on differentials, for it is no good implementing a £100 minimum wage if everyone else raises their nominal incomes by similar amounts.

We must recognise that socialism will not be delivered the day after the election and that we cannot wait for some ideal world before we devise a policy for incomes. In order to be elected again the Labour Party needs to show it can deliver tangible results in terms of jobs, growth, inflation and improved socialist objectives. And the fact is that an old-fashioned Keynesian reflation, backed up by an incomes policy, can begin to deliver a reduction in unemployment, the benefit of which in a nation used to an inexorable rise in unemployment should not be underestimated.

I have only sketched out a rough framework. There are many problems that have to be overcome in any system of planned incomes. What sanctions are there on free-rider firms or workers who want to settle outside the plan? How can we introduce a degree of flexibility that would help iron out anomalies or prevent the whole system collapsing in the event of some stoppage? How should a national norm be arrived at? And finally, how can we build up support for an incomes policy? It cannot be imposed from the top, either by government or trade union leaders.

A planned incomes policy can only operate if there is a consensus that this is the most effective way to preserve living standards, extend employment and reduce inequality. If grass roots members of unions remain unconvinced, then their leaders will quickly become helpless. □

Doug Jones is Economic Assistant to Roy Hattersley MP.

Of surges and sexual disease

Paul Foot

REMEMBER the great return to work? First the trickle, then the drift, then the surge? It was all to be over by Christmas. The most vivid accounts of it were probably brought to you by the BBC who produced special captions to hail each return as though it were a triumphant sporting victory. For those who support the miners' strike, only the bias of the BBC has made ITN marginally more watchable.

But here's a strange thing. I've been looking at the 'Yellow Pages', the much leaked reports of the weekly discussions of the BBC news and current affairs chiefs. The miners' return has played a prominent part recently — but in a rather unexpected way. On 6 November for instance, the BBC called in its regional representatives. Arwel Ellis Owen from Wales said that the return there was on a 'small scale'. He spoke of the 'magnitude of human tragedy' in the mining areas. John Lingham from Yorkshire said he didn't think there would be any significant break in the strike in Yorkshire for some time. The Editor of News and Current Affairs (Radio) said that if the return to work continued at that week's pace, the miners would all be back by 1990. Deryk Williams from the Welsh-speaking news programme, doubted it would be so soon. None of this could be detected in that week's gleeful BBC news about the 'surge'.

By the following week, the 'heavies' from London were 'restoring the balance'. Ray Walters, Deputy Editor of Radio News 'wondered if enough was being made of the return to work' (perhaps he wanted his programmes fully devoted to it). Andrew Taussig (Acting Assistant Head of current affairs) thought not enough was being presented of 'the feelings of people working'. John Cole, the BBC's Political Editor, did warn that the government regarded this as 'crunch' week and the government might be confounded. This was drowned in a chorus of optimism that the miners would see sense.

As we know, they didn't. The BBC chiefs were confounded and by 27 November, the Assistant Director General, Alan Prothero, returned to his anxiety that the strikers' case was being passed by. Was enough being done, he asked 'to remind the public that most of the miners continued to strike?'

This strange sensation that there are forces at work at the BBC which are much more reactionary than the people who make the programmes was enhanced by the Yellow Pages account of an astonishing two-week discussion on the *Open Space* programme on 8 November by the Sheffield Police Watch observers. It was one of the very few occasions when television recorded something of the extent of police violence in the dispute.

It infuriated several top BBC men. George Fischer, the crusted old Head of Talks on BBC Radio said the programme was 'deeply biased and fundamentally damaging to the BBC's interests'. Alan Perry, who, I'm amazed to reveal, is head of journalists' training, also condemned its 'blatantly biased material'. Is the function of *Open Space* then to present the views of the top men at the BBC? The group then amused themselves by imagining what the programme would have been like 'if it had been subject to normal BBC editorial control'. *Everyone* agreed that the programme would have been unrecognisable. Exactly.

OUR NEWSPAPERS are constantly printing pictures and articles which lure their readers to the idea of indiscriminate sex, so naturally there's nothing they like better than evidence to show that do-gooding government-funded agencies promote promiscuity.

On 14 November, Mr John Kelly, a consultant obstetrician in Birmingham, held a press conference on behalf of 2,000 'concerned' doctors. They were petitioning against the rule which bars doctors telling parents about under-16-year-old girls who seek contraception in confidence. He said: 'The percentage of women under 35 with cancer of the cervix has increased from 2 per cent in 1965 to 19.6 per cent in 1983.'

Just imagine! A fifth of all women under 35 have cancer of the cervix! What better proof could you need that this apparently sexually-transmitted disease has, as the consultant put it, 'reached epidemic proportions'. The papers faithfully reported his figures. Many editors were outraged. The *Birmingham Post*, for instance, a rock of provincial responsibility, ran an angry leader: 'The statistic is horrifying if accurate and what reason would Mr John Kelly of the Birmingham Maternity and Women's hospital have for quoting unreliable figures?'

The statistic was indeed horrifying. It was also utterly false as anyone in touch with sexual realities might have suspected. A glance at the official figures shows that the proportion of women under 35 with cervical cancer is not one in five (as Mr Kelly stated) but one in 13,000. When the facts were pointed out by the Family Planning Association, wearily used to this sort of hysterical howler, the *Birmingham Post* published an apology (under a letter warmly praising Mr Kelly's views).

The *Post's* editor, Mr J.L.Holland, wrote to explain his mistake to the FPA: 'It is easy for newspapers to fall into the trap of publishing wrong information provided by specialists. I am sure you realise that we cannot go round double-checking every piece of information received from responsible people and organisations.' □

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DIARY

A couple of weeks ago I had to fly to Amsterdam and because I had to go in the morning and KLM was full I was obliged to fly on BA, otherwise known as Odious Airways. I couldn't risk standby. The tourist return for a brief crowded flight was £104. As a special bonus for this scandalous hypercharging OA adds ceremonial humiliation — rip-off with take-off. When I asked the steward if I could even *buy* a cup of coffee he covered his embarrassment by lying through his teeth. 'We've no time to serve everyone', he said, while another steward passed down the aircraft with a half full pot of steaming coffee, which was flushed away amid no evident sign of overwork by the cabin crew. Coming back was no better, but at least I ran into Nicky Kaldor at Schipol airport. I hadn't talked to him for ages, since before his ennoblement, and I'm glad to say that he is still quite unlike a Lord. I asked him, as a famous Keynesian, whether he thought the American boom could continue indefinitely, even though new US government spending was almost entirely on arms. 'Yes it could' — provided Washington always increased the amount more and more. 'Even more', I gasped, 'when they've just said the estimated deficit has gone up by $40 billion to over $200 billion?' Nicky nodded: 'Every *little* bit helps'. We both laughed.

○

While in Holland I had the chance to see *And that is why the State is to Blame*, a documentary by Frank Diamand on the continuing holocaust of assassinations in El Salvador. I never know how to react to the presentation of endless bodies or mass graves. The hero of this film, however, is a lawyer, Marianella Gracia Villas. Along with President Duarte, she helped found the Christian Democratic Party. Then she turned to human rights and specialized in the identification of victims. She examined their wounds. She trained photographers to record the corpses so that relatives could identify them, even if months later. In its account of her, the film gives us a powerful sense of the human individuality of massacre victims. As we learned how Marianella herself fled, returned and was killed in March last year, many in the audience sobbed. Naturally, the American Public Broadcasting Service has refused to transmit this exceptional film.

○

Meanwhile one Kaldor leads to another. I was delighted to read in the *Sunday Times* that Moscow had denounced E.P. Thompson and Mary Kaldor. The Soviet Peace Council told Glenys Kinnock that the two are 'agents of international capitalism'. In which case I suppose I must be one myself. The Russians are coming down really heavily on the need for unity as 'new, million strong masses are joining the ranks of peace supporters', to quote the words of Zhukov, the President of the Soviet Peace Committee. Mary Kaldor went to Hungary recently and insisted on a meeting with Dr Barabas, the local equivalent of Zhukov, who was apparently as rude as he could be. Sitting in his plush office overlooking the Danube, he charged END with various procedural failings. When Mary explained that END was small and inexperienced, Dr Barabas dismissed her pleading as nonsense: 'I *know* what a gigantic organisation must be required to produce something as good as the *END Journal*'.* She invited him, or any of his secretaries and assistants, to come and see for themselves. When accused with being in receipt of Moscow gold, Claud Cockburn used to sigh, if only he was! Similarly, if the Left is to be charged with being agents of international capitalism, we can only say (with special thanks to John Paul Getty Jr), show us the capital and we'll take it!

○

Another British organisation as gigantic and well-heeled as *END Journal* also continues to pour out its brilliant propaganda with growing success. No, I'm not talking about *City Limits* — now broader than *Time Out* and not so thick. I'm referring to Leeds Postcards, which has increased its workforce by over 100 per cent, to three. For Christmas and New Year it has produced a particularly funny batch of Steve Bell, along with sterner messages against plastic bullets and a special set of cards in support of the miners. You can get their full list by writing to Leeds PO Box 84. How long will it take, I wonder, before they produce singing cards for socialists?

ROGER WODDIS

Cradle song

The government has rejected a £1,500 million plan to reduce acid rain pollution from power stations which is poisoning lakes and forests in Europe.

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows your breathing will stop;
Or, if the experts have got it all wrong,
Sulphur dioxide will help you live long.

Death in the meadows, death in the lakes,
Death in the forests when the bough breaks —
What if the atmosphere's laden with lead?
Mummy will grieve for you when you are dead.

Though we may kill all the fish in the sea,
Thanks to the will of the CEGB,
Britain is king of the pestilent cloud —
Doesn't it make you feel terribly proud.

Cutting emissions by thirty per cent
May appear, dear, to be money well spent;
Innocent child, how green can you get?
Think of the ministers *that* would upset.

You will grow stronger in body and brain
After tomorrow has brought acid rain;
There will be plenty of poisonous air,
When it goes private at two pounds a share.

JUDGING BY THESE DOCUMENTS OF YOUR FATHER'S, YOU HAVE THE RIGHT ACADEMIC QUALIFICATIONS
UNIVERSITY ADMISSIONS
BANK STATEMENT

○

As a veteran student activist I've been contemplating the recent protests with gnarled cynicism. Mere economic demands! In my days we wanted to change the world, or if not the world then at least the structure of knowledge... The fact is that students today are still privileged. Yet well-off parents hate to fork out for this — *they* especially resist paying their mite for Thatcherism. The frothing of the Tory back benches is thus especially repellent for its hypocrisy. Not that Keith Joseph is right. The proper, principled and 'resolute' solution would be to stop the richer classes from buying their way into the £800 million university boondoggle by getting the State completely off their backs. Those who have paid for their children to have private schooling should also pay for their entire university training.

○

But such Sixties impertinence is now tumbling into distant history. Just half-way through the Eighties and now David Rosenberg, one of my comrades from student days, has died of a heart attack after getting hepatitis. I was not close to him but we never lost touch: it was a Sixties relationship in that we continuously enjoyed our disagreements. Rosenberg had a passion for the underdog, was always helpful, full of assistance and encouragement for those in need. Yet I liked him most for the way he could also annoy and enrage. He had an astonishingly acute capacity for getting under people's skin (perhaps because he was uncomfortable in his own) and then giving a painful, deflating twist. He always referred to this diary as 'E, Eng, Eng, Englander', stuttering it out as if he could only just recall the name, and I was always terrifically annoyed and could not stop myself from trying to 'correct' him. His cremation in Bristol was simple and secular. Too simple for my liking. There will be a public wake for him in London, in the New Year, and let us hope that one day we will have a good socialist service for the dead.

Islander

*Available from South Bank House, Black Prince Road, London SE1; subscriptions £6 per year single copies 85p.

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THE PLO'S NEW DIPLOMACY

We are against international terrorism, against Arafat's Lone Ranger style and would accept a democratic State for Jews and Arabs says PLO leader Salah Khalaf to Scott MacLeod

Amman

SALAH KHALAF seems as enduring as the land. In the long struggle over Palestine, the Arabs have often fought each other. The most recent warfare within the Palestine Liberation Organisation threatened to sweep away Yasser Arafat himself.

But Salah Khalaf, known as Abu Iyad, has remained the bedrock of the Palestinian guerrilla movement, the imperturbable senior statesman. His speech to the 17th Palestine National Council in Amman last week produced an ovation. Much of the 8-day PNC session was televised by Jordan television, whose signal reaches 2.5 million Palestinians (more than half the total) in Jordan and the Israeli occupied territories.

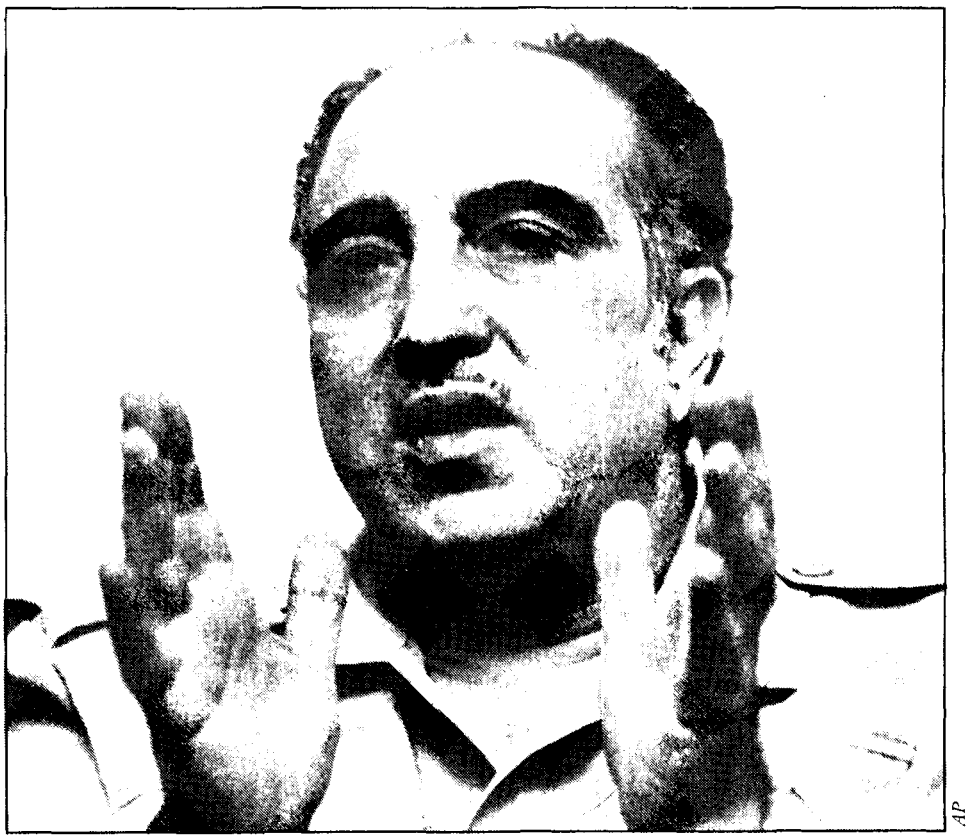
Though long regarded as a leftist hardliner, Khalaf has in fact always been a populist, like Arafat himself. He commands respect in the refugee camps as well as in commando barracks. Khalaf and Arafat were leaders of the Palestinian students' union at Cairo University in 1952, and together clandestinely formed al Fatah, which became the core of the Palestinian resistance movement and by far the largest of the eight guerrilla organisations within the PLO.

Khalaf's presence at the Amman PNC marked a breakthrough in his personal relations with Jordan, where he had not been since the 1970-71 PLO uprising which ended with King Hussein driving out the *Feyadeen* to Lebanon. As director of the security branch, Khalaf had been linked by some to the 'Black September' terrorist group which emerged after that bitter Jordan experience.

I talked to Khalaf, chain-smoking Rothmans, at his hotel suite just before he left Amman after the PNC. He replied to questions with bluntness and without hesitation — elaborating on Arafat's mistakes, the PLO's defiance against Syrian President Hafex Al Assad and the prospects for peace with Israel. It contrasted with the spectacle of Arafat's rambling ambiguity at his midnight press conference.

The Palestinian parliament-in-exile was widely reported as giving a 'vote of confidence' to Arafat. Khalaf made clear, however, that the al Fatah leadership will not tolerate Arafat's tendency to Lone Ranger diplomacy. If the PNC granted the PLO room for pursuing diplomatic initiatives, Khalaf said, this was to a collective PLO leadership and not to Arafat alone.

'If any one of us in al Fatah central council, for example myself, had not wanted the PNC to be held, it would not have been held,' Khalaf said. 'The one who knows this most is Abu Ammar (Arafat's *nom de guerre*). In reality Arafat knows that he cannot proceed on his own.'



AP

Salah Khalaf: imperturbable senior statesman

It was the issue of collective leadership that was raised by Colonel Said Musa, the al Fatah commander in the Bekaa Valley, when he began the uprising against Arafat in May 1983. The rebels, known as the National Alliance, were then in effect excommunicated by the PNC.

Musa's complaints were gaining ground within the PLO a year ago, after Arafat unilaterally decided to visit Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak after the rebels had, with Syrian support, driven him and his loyalists out of Tripoli. His was a blatant violation of the Arab League Boycott of Egypt for having signed the Camp David peace argument with Israel. In January, the al Fatah's central council voted 10-1 to censure Arafat. 'Our reaction was related to the organisational mistake, rather than the political mistake. We expressed our opposition and we considered that in doing so we had taken Arafat to task,' Khalaf said.

Indeed, for the PNC, the Arafat visit to Cairo was not a *political* mistake at all. The previous 16th PNC meeting in Algiers 21 months ago infuriated President Mubarak by implying that the PLO would support underground groups attempting to destabilise his regime. The Amman PNC, dominated by Arafat, Khalaf and other al Fatah mainstreamers, stressed the need to 'strengthen PLO-Egyptian relations.'

'It has been seven years since Camp David. We have poured invective on Egypt and yet we have not changed anything. We contributed directly or indirectly to deepening the rift between the Arabs and Egypt — and Egypt became isolated. It is time to be objective. This is not the way to eradicate Camp David,' said Khalaf. (The PLO is now interested in opening offices in Cairo.)

The changed PLO position on Egypt coincided with King Hussein's own restoration of diplomatic ties with Cairo — a decision that involved breaking Arab ranks. The PLO's response to Hussein's opening address at the PNC, a week before he went to Cairo for his first visit in seven years, sounded like the start of a Jordanian-Egyptian-PLO effort to break the current deadlock in the Middle East.

Khalaf told the *NS* that the PLO accepts Hussein's proposal for an international peace conference — proposed also by the Soviet Union but rejected by the Americans and Israelis. He also suggested that the PLO might be flexible on UN Resolution 242 (which Hussein wants the PLO to support) because it embodies the principle at least that Israel should return the occupied territories to the Palestinians in exchange for a peace treaty. (UN Resolution 242 of 22 November 1967 sougnt

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peace in the Middle East on the basis of the withdrawal of Israeli forces from occupied territories and the recognition of the right of Israel to live in peace with secure and recognised boundaries.)

'Jordan accepts [Resolution 242] and we don't,' Khalaf commented. 'But we reject it in a qualified way, not an absolute manner. This is because it does not satisfy our national rights. If it can be made to satisfy our national rights, we will accept it. The right of self-determination is enough for us.'

PLO RELATIONS with Syria continue to be poisonous, though the PNC called for determined efforts to reach a reconciliation. Khalaf insisted that the PLO will make no concessions to President Assad. 'The Syrian stand must change,' he said. I imagine, unfortunately, that the battle with Syria will be a long one, unless there are developments that cause Syria to change its stand.'

Khalaf confirmed that al Fatah is earnestly seeking full rapprochement with the so-called Democratic Alliance, led by George Habash of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Nayef Hawatmeh of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The PNC left four seats vacant for them on the ruling PLO body, the 15-member executive committee. Khalaf suggested that Habash and Hawatmeh might move their base of operations out of Damascus, the Syrian capital. 'We have no quarrel with the Democratic Alliance. [The traditional left wing of the PLO remained neutral between the al Fatah centrists and the al Fatah rebels, though it agreed with some of the criticism of Arafat.] The Ball is in their court. The executive committee has established a special committee for a dialogue with them. They can tell the Syrians: "We gave you all you wanted by boycotting the PNC [in Amman], now permit us to participate in the executive committee." Alternatively, they can totally get rid of the complication of their base [in Damascus].'

The PNC adopted a resolution vigorously denouncing 'international terrorism'. I asked Khalaf if this was meant to placate the United States and Britain. 'This resolution was passed at previous PNCs. We are against terrorism, such as individual actions in Europe and abroad, hijacking planes and assassinations. We completely reject such actions. As for military operations against the Israelis in the occupied territories, we are for them.'

Finally, on the supposed willingness of PLO moderates to accept a limited Palestinian state in a liberated West Bank and Gaza Strip, I asked Khalaf — as a co-founder of a movement dedicated to liberating all of historic Palestine — whether he could now accept, in his heart of hearts, a peaceful settlement with the 'Zionists'.

'In my heart, no. But with my mind, yes. I believe the natural solution is the establishment of an independent Palestinian state on our national Palestinian soil. I have met with many Jews, including from the ruling political parties. I used to find that we would start out in disagreement, but end up with them convinced that there could not be a solution that will allow the Jewish conscience in the world to rest until Palestinians get their rights. Our maximum goal is not to 'recover' all of Palestine, but to have a democratic state in which Jews and Arabs will have equal rights.' □

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear War on Want,

I realise that for millions in the Third World Christmas is just another day in the long struggle against poverty, hunger and disease.

I also know that you are working successfully with men and women in many countries – Bangladesh, India, Ethiopia, Angola, Nicaragua, El Salvador and many more - helping them to stem the tide of suffering.

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FOOD AS A MILITARY AID

Aid from the large institutions, unlike public donations, is being used by the Ethiopian government as a weapon against the Eritreans reports James Firebrace

WESTERN PUBLIC generosity to the victims of the Ethiopian famine has been on an unprecedented scale. In Britain alone, over £20 million has been raised this year for the programmes of the voluntary agencies. But in the conflict areas of the north political initiatives are also essential.

In Eritrea, the ex-Italian colony on the Red Sea, which Haile Selassie annexed as Ethiopia's northernmost province in 1962, the population is not only dying of famine. MiG fighters sweep on bombing raids down the high mountain valleys of northern Eritrea. The local nomads crouch under the thorny trees until the planes have gone and then resume their more mundane attempts at survival. (Some 85 per cent of Eritrea is now administered by the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF), which is fighting what it sees as Ethiopia's army of occupation.)

In mid-November I saw bombs hit a local school. When the wounded children were carried by truck and stretcher to the hospital nearby, nurses and surgeons moved with the speed and efficiency of long experience. Volunteers lined up to give blood. Operating theatres, built into the mountain sides for safety, were functioning within minutes. Fifteen children aged between 6 and 17 were seriously wounded, some hideously, by the hot searing metal of the fragmentation bombs. Almaz Tesfasion (17) was hit at the base of her skull and never recovered consciousness. Fitsum Serki (13) arrived alert and talking, but with a nine-inch gash across his stomach and his elbow smashed. He too died.

Later I saw the gory evidence of past air strikes. At Orota hospital two wards were filled with the bandaged and amputated survivors of Molki, bombed by the Ethiopian air force on 2 October in retaliation for EPLF activity in the area. That day peasants from the surrounding area had crowded into the village to buy food at the local market. The raid left 42 dead and 92 with serious injuries. At Zara hospital staff were tending the wounded from another attack in which six were killed. These were destitute nomads who had lost their herds in the drought and who were fleeing to the Sudan. They were spotted by a pair of MiGs after failing to reach the cover of trees by daylight.

The bombing of civilian targets appears to be aimed at demoralising the Eritrean people and at driving them from the EPLF areas. The Ethiopians make no attempt to win the hearts and minds of rural Eritreans; but in the towns, populated by the Ethiopian garrisons and those urban Eritreans who remained after the Liberation Front's retreat in 1978, the picture is different. Here the food donations of the West are being distributed in sufficient quantities for the recipients to make additional income by selling off the surplus. Large amounts of milk powder and oil, donated by the EEC and USAID, are purchased in the open market and smuggled out for sale in the Sudan. In November alone some $400,000's worth passed through at the Eritrea border village of Girmaica.

Leaving aside food for work schemes, the government gives 120kg of grain a month to members of its urban associations (*kebelles*); a further 90kg a month to those who join the Ethiopian militias; and 50kg for each individual involved in operations against the EPLF. The EPLF say that, with the lure of food, 20,000 Eritreans have been conscripted into the Ethiopian army this year.

Agencies working through the capital Addis Ababa recognise that food aid is allocated on political as well as humanitarian criteria.

The large donors — USAID, Canada and the EEC — currently exert minimal control over distribution; there is no on-the-spot monitoring and no reports are made of how donations are used. By contrast, the voluntary agencies' operations (financed by public donations in the West) are closely supervised and little goes astray. The large donors on the other hand are effectively turning a blind eye to their food aid being used to underpin the Ethiopian military efforts in the north, while the death rate of the starving continues to soar. For the more hard-nosed governments of the West food aid is now part of a foreign policy aimed at regaining influence in Addis and loosening Ethiopia's alliance with the Soviet Union, on which it is dependent for the maintenance of its vast arsenal of military hardware.

Starvation and malnutrition are on the increase in the rural areas of Eritrea beyond the Ethiopian government's control. No food passes to these areas from the government-controlled towns. Rural Eritrea abounds with stories of people being turned away from the government's distribution centres. The Baria, a nomadic group from Western Eritrea, are now subsisting on roots and berries. At the end of October they heard that there would be food distribution at Barentu, the nearest garrison town. They went there and waited fifteen days until a helicopter eventually arrived with some 'white' people. Those waiting were divided into two groups. Those from the town and its vicinity were given food and photographed by the white visitors. But when the helicopter left, the others were chased away by the army after being told that as EPLF collaborators they should find food from the front.

BUT IN EPLF areas there is little food. The Eritrean Relief Association (ERA), with the help of agencies like War on Want and Christian Aid in Britain, is now bringing around 2,000 tonnes of grain a month, less than a tenth of the needs of the two million Eritreans estimated to be dependent on external supplies. Among this number are 60,000 displaced by the war and drought — settled in 12 camps — and 8,000 prisoners of war, about whose future the Ethiopian government refuses to negotiate. Aid is needed on a scale that only governments can provide, but for fear of upsetting their relations with Addis they are reluctant to help.

Yet ERA's distribution is efficient, and, with well-kept records open to inspection, easy to monitor. The EPLF which, with the possible exception of the Viet Cong, is the most well organised and sophisticated liberation movement ever, has built a network of roads, petrol stations, and garages throughout the liberated areas. ERA's relief operation makes use of these, but its trucking capacity is still a major bottleneck.

The latest card being played in the ugly game of food politics is resettlement. In the densely populated highland areas of Eritrea, Tigray and Wollo food is being offered at the government centres on condition that the recipient agrees to resettlement in southern Ethiopia. Past schemes of this nature have been heavily criticised internationally — the resettled were barely able to survive on the rations provided, without medical care many died of disease, and conflicts with the existing population created a secondary exodus of refugees. But the government plans to move two million out of the contested areas in this way. An Ethiopian in Addis likened government policy to 'wanting to turn the north into a game reserve'.

Driven out by bombing and by famine, some 20,000 Eritreans have crossed the border into Sudan in the last two months. Many more are expected to join the 300,000 Eritreans already there, who eke out a living as mechanics and drivers in the towns, or as farm labour in the agricultural schemes of East Sudan's 'Green Triangle'. But prospects for both long-term refugees and new arrivals are bleak.

With Sudan's own harvest failures, there is little work in the fields. Large number of once self-supporting refugees are now turning up at the settled camps seeking food. The situation of the local Sudanese is little better. Sudan can ill afford the threatened influx of destitutes from Eritrea and Ethiopia. Aid officials in Khartoum expect over 100,000 by early next year. □

James Firebrace is War on Want's Programme Officer for the Horn of Africa. Never Kneel Down, Drought, Development and Liberation in Eritrea *by James Firebrace and Stuart Holland MP, is available at £4.95 from Spokesman, Bertrand Russell House, Gamble Street, Nottingham.*

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□ Boys were more preoccupied with talking about the SAS, werewolves, hairy men, insulation in buildings, lending money, and trapping animals, according to questionnaires they returned to the BBC. — *Guardian* (John Garrett)

□ It is in the nature of unexpected events that they cannot be widely foreseen, even by economists. — *Barclays Review* (R. W. Johnson)

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WEST GERMANY

PURE MINDS OR DIRTY HANDS

Whether to accept limited power or remain an outside pressure group is the Greens' dilemma. Tony Catterall reports

Bonn

TO COALESCE or not to coalesce — that is the question which is going to strain to breaking point the annual conference of West Germany's radical environmentalists, the Greens, which begins in Hamburg this Friday. This year's conference will generated more passion on the topic than previous ones, between those who consider that the party must 'accept political responsibility' and the 'fundamental oppositionists', who see participation in government as a betrayal of all the Greens stand for.

With the party now firmly established as the third political force in the country — eclipsing the 'liberal' Free Democrats — the question has taken on a new and more immediate importance. Public opinion polls suggest that a 'Red-Green' alliance could take power in the Saarland and West Berlin after the elections there in March; and that the Social Democrats might have to rely on Green support to retain power in North Rhine-Westphalia after the elections there in June.

On the one side are people such as Klaus Wolf, the first Green to accept political office, as Mayor (effectively deputy mayor, under an SPD Lord Mayor) of Leverkusen, the industrial city just east of Cologne. As Wolf told the *New Statesman*: 'It had to come to the point, after we'd been criticising the other parties, that we take over political jobs ourselves.'

Or there is Otto Schily, known as the only Green federal MP to wear a tie, but more importantly for his devastating work in the parliamentary comittee of inquiry into the Flick bridery scandal involving illegal party donations. For him, 'every opposition is a government in waiting.' Although some members of the federal parliamentary party oppose any form of co-operation with the 'established' parties, they have all agreed there are 'possibilities' and in their report to the Hamburg conference they contrast 'concrete proposals' to 'fundamental opposition.'

The parliamentary party report states: 'The Greens want to uncover and change the defects of this society.' The possibilities of doing that are — obviously — dependent on the party's relationship to political power. The question now is whether it can exercise that power on its own terms.

The Greens' Federal Executive says that under present conditions it cannot — and has put a motion categorically rejecting participation in government. Rainer Trampert, one of the three 'Speakers' of the Executive (the nearest thing the party has to a leadership) is one of the hardliners. 'The problem is that we're supposed to accept "responsibility" with the possibility of influencing, say, only 2 per cent of the policies, while having to accept the responsibility for the 98 per cent we don't want. That way we give up our real function — to pressure the other parties into reforming their policies.'

The experience in the state of Hesse, where for almost six months the Greens have been 'tolerating' a minority Social Democrat Government is particularly instructive for Trampert. The 'toleration' agreement was officially ended by a special state conference at the weekend, on the grounds that premier Holger Borner's government was not prepared to 'take the step out of the nuclear economy.' Trampert sums up the Greens' goals as: 'A thoughtful and aesthetic relationship to nature; a decentralised and homogeneous economy; overcoming the exploitation of people; democratic administration of industry and government; a relationship of solidarity, not of rapaciousness, to other peoples of the world; demilitarisation; and overcoming the patriarchal structure of society.'

Executive member Rudolf Bahro, exiled from East Germany as a left-wing dissident, goes further and confronts directly one of the problems the SPD faces if it is to get co-operation with the Greens. 'Industries [which are harmful] must be shut down, even if means the loss of jobs.'

At the level of 'significant' power — either in state or federal parliaments — the Social Democrats are unlikely to accept such conditions, as the Hesse experiment seems to demonstrate: the SPD minority government was not prepared to accept Green demands that permission be refused for the expansion of two producers of nuclear fuels in the state.

There were, however, significant achievements in Hesse, which the state party is to try to retain through renewed negotiations on piecemeal co-operation: a decentralised energy supply policy, reforms in agriculture and improvements in rubbish disposal. Even at the local authority level in North Rhine-Westphalia — the most heavily populated and industrialised state in the country — where since the elections at the end of September the Social Democrats in some cities have been forced into co-operation agreements with the Greens, the results are so far mixed. Klaus Wolf, Green Mayor of Leverkusen, says there have been already 'one or two successes,' such as the shelving of suburban development plans until inner-city housing problems have been solved. But he also reports the odd SPD 'trick.'

One of the Green demands before supporting the election of an SPD Lord Mayor was the shrinking of a planned four-lane highway through the city to a normal two-lane road. The Social Democrats readily agreed, knowing full well that such road planning was the responsibility of regional, not local, government. Despite that, Wolf says, the only way that the Greens are going to learn about the mechanisms of government is by participation, and 'without knowing what goes on, there's no way we can change things.'

That they must be careful, even at the local authority level, is borne out by the frank admission of a Social Democrat councillor in another NRW city, Solingen, that: 'Our goal must be to make the Greens take responsibility even for our policies — to make them superfluous on the political scene. For me the Greens are no left-wing party, and we either have to kill them or force them back into fundamental opposition. Then we can get on with the business of governing, if necessary in co-operation with the Christian Democrats.'

In terms of power politics, that makes sense. Indeed, there is little alternative, as serious co-operation gives the Greens extra credibility. But they are gaining enough experience now not to fall into the trap of allowing their policies to be swallowed up only to be disgorged in unrecognisably diluted form. If the SPD takes the other course, however, it will lose forever the support of the reform-minded young voters who have already gone over to the enviornmentalists. □

CYPRUS STALEMATE

THIS WEEK Perez de Cuellar, the UN Secretary General, enters on the final round of 'proximity' talks to try to find sufficient common ground for a constitutional solution in Cyprus. The signs are not favourable.

This is the third round in the current series of talks; virtually no progress was made in the first two because of the refusal of the Turks to make any significant concessions. If this round fails, de Cuellar's only recourse will be to report the breakdown to the Security Council. During the talks, there has been a good deal of 'vodka-cola' pressure on President Kyprianou from the two largest political parties on the island — the right-wing NATO-oriented 'Rally' and AKEL, the (Moscow-oriented) Communists — to reach a settlement. But there is little evidence that either the US or the Soviet Union are prepared to exert the requisite pressure on the Turks to make an equitable settlement possible.

There is no doubt, however, of the deep desire for a solution within both Greek and Turkish communities on the island. A conference of six trade unionists in London last month — three from each community and covering the whole political spectrum — made it clear that Greek and Turkish-Cypriot workers want a solution within which they can co-operate in securing a decent future for the island. They unanimously agreed on a series of resolutions aimed at combatting chauvinism and fostering rapprochement.

The conference had to take place in London, under the auspices of the Friends of Cyprus, because there is nowhere in Cyprus itself that they can hold such a meeting. Almost the only remaining opportunity for contact between Greek and Turkish Cypriot trade unionists is in the British military base of Dhekelia (part of which comprises the GCHQ installation at Aghios Nicholaos), where 200 Turkish Cypriot workers still work alongside Greek Cypriots. By a nice irony Cypriot GCHQ employees are still allowed by the British government to join trade unions.

Christopher Price

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LETTERS

Neil's agenda

Trevor Fisher, Stafford

I was interested to read Peter Hain's article on Neil Kinnock (*NS* 23 November). Peter's critical comments were perceptive, and all the more welcome coming from one closely associated with Kinnock during the leadership elections.

Though the general thrust of the article carries weight, there are a number of points which need to added in order to assess the course Neil Kinnock should be considering in the second year of his leadership. Central among these are his failure to take the movement in the country seriously.

It is true, for instance, that Kinnock's favoured OMOV amendment was unworkable, as Peter Hain says. What was even more striking for many of us who support the principle was the unprincipled way it was produced — after the deadline for union and CLP resolutions and without adequate consultation and debate. It appeared to many of us at the grassroots that we were being railroaded.

Still worse, Neil patently hadn't done his homework properly, and failed to realise the difficulties he was bound to face in mobilising the union bloc vote for a move which reduced union power in a crucial area. Even more alarming, when at conference and going down to defeat, Neil failed to accept the olive branch of a year's postponement offered by the Selly Oak/Bolton West amendments, apparently failing to understand that some of the rank and file were desperately trying to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him.

Neil's handling of the miners' dispute also suggests that he does not understand what is going on outside Parliament. Not only was the handling of the invitation to NUM rallies carried out with an ineptitude which made him look cowardly, but he has repeatedly failed to grasp that speeches are not enough. Some token of tangible support for people engaged in such a desperate struggle is essential.

Unfortunately, Neil's political philosophy seems to militate against him appreciating the need for an extra-parliamentary perspective. He is close to the classic Tribunite tradition of parliamentary socialism — he has taken over one of Michael Foot's advisers, Richard Clements, ex-editor of the old style *Tribune*. In that tradition, the movement in the country has little more role to play than that of offering advice (at conference) and providing the bodies and finance to run the electoral machine. The elected representatives then do the rest.

Such an approach has never been adequate, but it certainly will not do at a time of failing electoral and union support for Labour. The alliance with the democratic Left which Peter Hain urges on Kinnock is as essential as Hain says it is. There is, alas, little sign that Neil realises this, and every sign that he regards politics as being an affair limited to the confines of Westminster.

We will soon have a practical demonstration of whether Neil has learnt that he needs a working partnership with the movement outside Parliament. As re-selection gets under way, the leadership will have to choose whether or not to accept the constituencies' decisions or challenge them on the NEC. If Neil's primary loyalties are to defending parliamentarians come what may, he will seek to challenge the constituencies on their behalf. If, however, he sees himself as having a wider role, then he will not support such challenges providing the rules have been obeyed.

If Neil follows the path of confrontation, then he can only re-open the fratricidal strife which engulfed Michael Foot. If, however, he chooses the second path, then his allies on the democratic Left will be given the breathing space to build the basis of wide support which Peter Hain calls for. Many of us at the grassroots await Neil's decision with some trepidation.

Sequence of events

J.E. Mortimer, General Secretary, The Labour Party

In his recent article (*NS* 23 November) Peter Hain alleged:

> 'An emergency meeting of the NEC was fixed at a time it was known Kinnock could not attend, and he was issued with a virtual ultimatum — suggesting that those responsible were using it to fight internal Party battles rather than to advance the miners' cause.'

Peter Hain is wrong. It was not an emergency meeting of the NEC of the Party. It was a meeting between representatives of the NEC and representatives of the NUM. At the previous normal monthly meeting of the NEC it had been decided that we should seek this meeting. This decision was taken after I had reported to the NEC that following the sequestration of the funds of the NUM many enquiries were being received at Walworth Road about where money should be sent to help miners' families. The main purpose of the meeting was to discuss finance.

Immediately following the NEC I tried every day to get in touch with Peter Heathfield to arrange a very quick meeting. Peter was always helpful. The only early date which we could arrange was Friday, 2 November. It coincided with Neil Kinnock's emergency trip to India. The following week the NUM were involved in further discussions and were due to have a delegate conference. I tried to keep in touch throughout with the chairman of the Party. He was able to attend on 2 November.

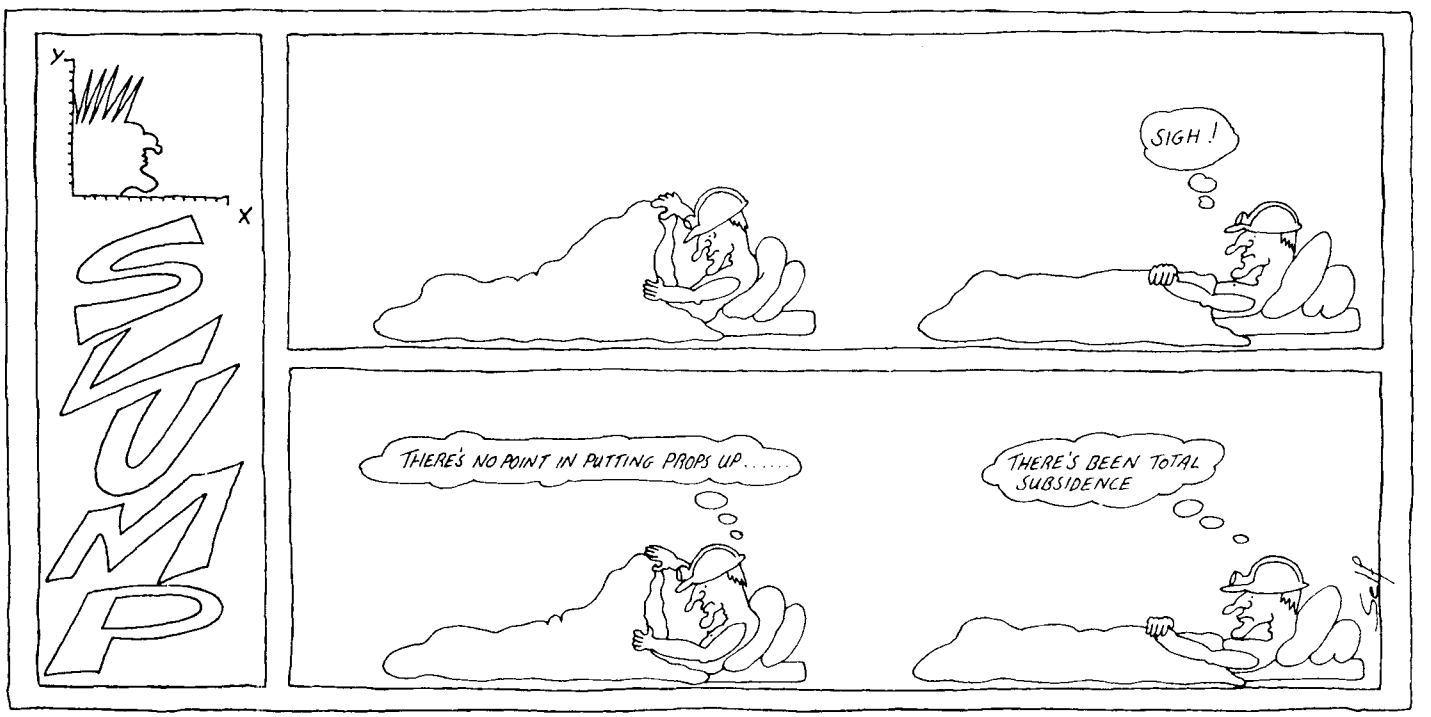
At the meeting on 2 November the main discussion was, as planned, on finance. The NUM then informed the Party's representatives that they had arranged a series of rallies. They asked for our support and invited the participation of Party spokesmen. We responded sympathetically but made it clear that because of the short notice we could give no commitments on behalf of Shadow Cabinet colleagues, including Neil. We said that we would convey the invitation. The NUM asked that I should attend and speak at all the rallies as an indication of the Party's support. I agreed, with the concurrence of my colleagues.

Neil Kinnock had long-standing commitments but he suggested immediately on his return from India that he would speak with Arthur Scargill at a rally to be organised by the Party. Shadow Cabinet members attended and spoke at all the other rallies.

Everything in common but. . .

Tony Gould, Newton Abbot, Devon

Jessica Mitford's entertaining examples of what



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Dylan Thomas once described as the 'barrier of a common language' (*NS* 30 November) prompt me to provide another instance.

A few years ago an American friend came to stay with us in the depths of Devon. Her five-year-old daughter had a stomach upset and we arranged for her to see a local doctor. The doctor asked, 'How often does she spend a penny?' Our friend replied that she spent her pocket money at various times in various ways, but expressed her bewilderment as to how this related to her medical condition. So in the interests of a common understanding the doctor was obliged to drop the euphemism and re-phrase the question. . .

Expatriate voting rights

A.B. MacDonald, Leefdaal, Belgium

In your review of the Queen's Speech (*NS* 16 November) you dismiss the question of expatriate voting rights with the suggestion that expatriates are notoriously Tory-inclined.

This does seem to be a widely-held prejudice within Britain, and has been evidenced in most Labour Party comments on this issue. However, the expatriate community nowadays is in fact much more diverse than politicians appear to think. Bankers, executives or civil servants some of us might be; others are British Council teachers, aid workers or VSO volunteers. Others again are simply people who have gone abroad to look for work they could not find at home.

This 'community' is no more likely to vote for one party than any similarly diverse group within Britain. More importantly, it is in any case clearly not permissible to suggest that a person's right to vote should be conditional on some assessment, notorious or not, of how he or she might wish to place their vote. One only needs to think of how such an argument might be applied within Britain (against Glaswegians or stockbrokers, for example), to see how foolish it is.

Preconceived ideas of how expatriates might vote are or should be entirely irrelevant to the central issue of whether or not expatriates should be given the vote. The key element here is that all British citizens, wherever resident, can be fundamentally affected by British legislation. The sole criterion for expatriate voting should thus be the simple fact of British citizenship, coupled with sufficient interest in British affairs for an expatriate to go to the trouble of registering as a voter (but not necessarily to the point of taking out a subscription to the *New Statesman*).

Trading in death

Stephen Chappell, Co-ordinator, Campaign Against Arms Trade

Lynne Jones (*NS* 30 November) puts her finger on one of the chief threats to peace when she describes our society as one whose organising principles are violence and exploitation. I'd like to give a concrete example of this violence at the heart of our social structure to which I believe the peace movement as a whole pays insufficient attention: the global arms trade.

How can we expect a more stable, let alone a more peaceful world order when the social priorities of so many nations (of whatever ideological allegiance) are fatally distorted by committing vast resources to the development, manufacture, promotion and sale of armaments and military equipment. By resources I don't just mean money, but the human ingenuity and time devoted to instruments of death and destruction. Our own country pours huge sums of money into developing ever more complex and costly military equipment. To date some £12 billion has been spent on the Tornado project — although this sophisticated fighter aircraft, which has been dogged by technical difficulties, has not yet completed a single export order. The British arms industry is the only sector of the economy with an entire government department — the Defence Sales Organisation — devoted to promoting its exports (with over three quarters of those going to countries of the Third World). What kind of a society does this indicate? Why don't we re-deploy those public servants and that large budget into promoting civilian industry?

FEEDBACK

Neil Kinnock under review

PETER HAIN, in his non-elected role as tribune of what he terms the 'broad Left', appears to be limply following in the footsteps of Thatcher and Owen with his illogical and ill-conceived effort to misrepresent Neil Kinnock's stand in support of the miners' strike (*NS* 23 November).

However, when he seeks to widen his criticisms of Labour's leader by asserting that Neil lacks 'a real power-base in the Party', has 'failed to listen to the Left' on the 'one-person-one-vote' issue, and 'now needs close working links with the T & GWU, NUPE and the NUR' we are perhaps, entitled to examine the arguments which he puts forward to justify these assertions.

Mindful that Labour's leader has consistently used every opportunity in the House of Commons to argue the miners' case, that he spoke out in support of the miners' cause at the Durham Miners' Gala, at the TUC in Brighton, and again at the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool, what possible justification is there for interpreting the pressure of commitments which obliged him to decline the invitation to speak at the NUM rallies as a 'boycott'? And why ignore completely the impending Labour Party Rally in support of the miners at which Kinnock will speak?

Assuming, however, that the leader's commitments had allowed him to attend one of the NUM rallies, would it really have earned him the 'wide respect' which Peter Hain suggests? It certainly didn't turn out in quite that way for TUC General Secretary Norman Willis. The prospect of Kinnock being treated in a similar manner would hardly have convinced the mass of ordinary voters of the labour movement's loyalty to its elected leader.

Now for the point about the Labour leader's power-base. By attracting a massive 71 per cent of the votes cast in Labour's 1983 Electoral College, Neil Kinnock's real achievement was his ability to demonstrate that the labour movement itself is his power-base. Gone are the days of the narrow 'smoke-filled' room decisions. The Party accepted that the widening of the franchise, and the establishment of the Electoral College system of voting, were an essential extension of accountability of the elected leaders to the Party. Peter Hain was an advocate of greater accountability. With his suggestion of close working links with selective trade unions, i.e. the T & GWU, NUPE and the NUR, he now seems to be suggesting a return to accommodating the large block votes.

Was it so reprehensible for Neil Kinnock to interpret the one-person-one-vote amendment as a further extension of the accountability principle to the individual members of the Labour Party? And why describe the loss of the amendment at the Labour Conference as a 'debacle'? Peter Hain will well know that one year's debacle may well prove to be next year's decision.

Incidentally, I am puzzled by Peter Hain's credentials for making his gratuitious comments in regard to Syd Tierney, an able former Labour MP who has made a long and formidable contribution to the labour and trade union movement. Surely he is not suggesting that Doug Hoyle has some prescriptive right to permanent chairmanship of the NEC Home Policy committee?

If, indeed, we are to have a 'review' of Neil Kinnock's performance, can I make a plea that it be undertaken with more objectivity. To convey the impression that Labour's junior front bench appointments are allocated exclusively at the caprice of the Party leader is to overlook the involvement in such appointments of the senior front bench spokesmen elected by the PLP.

Neil Kinnock has the ability to carry Labour to victory at the next general election, but he will need the support of the 'soft', 'hard' and 'broad' Left as well as the 'centre', 'moderate' and 'right' wing of the Party if we are to win. We might do well to remember the plight of nearly 4 million unemployed, and the socially disadvantaged who are patiently awaiting a Labour victory.

Indeed, may I suggest that as a good prospective Labour MP for Putney, Peter Hain will require the Labour leader to swing sufficient voters in Putney to bring about that victory.

Alan Tuffin

Alan Tuffin is General Secretary of the Union of Communication Workers.

The CRE's report

Peter Newsam, Chairman, Commission for Racial Equality

Your report ('The Middle Class Asian Vote', *NS* 30 November) to the effect that the Home Office has 'persuaded' the CRE to alter its report and that the CRE has failed 'to withstand government pressure' suffers from one serious defect. It is wholly untrue.

As I would have been glad to explain if you had enquired, the CRE as a matter of natural justice and common sense, always gives those it investigates an opportunity to comment on a draft report. The Home Office submitted comments. These included a number of factual corrections which the Commission accepted.

But the Commission has accepted no suggestions which would in any way have the effect of weakening its report. The suggestion is absurd as well as being untrue.

An NUM man writes. . .

I contributed to Brunel University's confidential PDS survey as an NUM representative (*NS* 23 November) The system worked out my priorities fine, with one exception. I give much more weight to the status of the coal industry than the system suggested I did.

This is very important. We all support a strong publicly-supported coal industry at the NUM (but not NCB status under present management). Unlike the NCB, we want our industry strong and publicly-supported in *every* area, not just in a few select sites Why didn't Algie and Foster feed my view back into their system?

The survey was confidential, so I must withhold my name and address. But you'd find that any NUM man would agree with my points.

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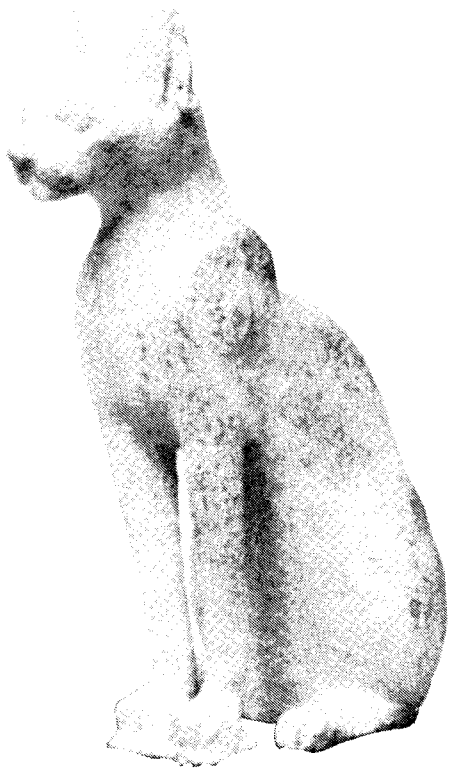
Enslaving the gods

Animals have always offered the human race a crucial, if changing, sense of its identity. We have worshipped them, feared them, exploited them, pitied them and contrasted them with our own inhumanity. Maureen Duffy explores the continuing evolution of our relationship with other animal species up to our current, post-Darwinian unease

TWO BITS of recent news summarize for me the position we have now reached in the complex and ever changing relationship between man and the other animals: one, the use of a baboon's heart as a stopgap measure to prolong the life of the baby girl known as 'Fae' while the surgeons waited for a human baby with a healthy heart to be killed; and the other, the statement by Ronnie Lee, spokesman for the Animal Liberation Front, the direct action wing of the Animal Rights movement, that in pursuit of animal rights, the ALF now consider it may be necessary to carry guns. I quote: 'There may be circumstances in which you cannot save the animals unless you use force or violence yourself.' While I'm aware that there may well be an element of journalistic provocation or distortion in this reported comment, nevertheless it shouldn't be taken as just another Mars bar. At the very least it marks the crossing of an internal ethical frontier.

Man's (and everywhere I have said 'man' I mean uskind) relationship with our fellow creatures is a bloody business. It stems from that omnivorousness we share with our cousins the great apes, and especially the chimpanzee. Although mainly vegetarian, they will, like us, hunt, kill and eat both insects and other mammals, usually, it seems from Jane Goodall's Gombe studies, closely related species like baboons and monkeys which share the immediate terrain. They may even on occasion practise infanticide and cannibalism, just like us.

The image we have of these particular



Animal as idol: Bast, an Egyptian goddess of matrimony and female sexuality, originally represented as a cat

evolutionary cousins is as constantly changing as our actual relationship with the other animal species generally and in various ways reflects, in a distorting mirror, its historic shifts. Traditionally apes were thought of as subhuman but at the top of the animal tree, and therefore shared an uneasy position with the 'lower classes' where they were characterised as brutish and violent. More knowledge, along with a down-grading of 'civilized' man, began to change this judgment. The apes were kinder to Tarzan than his fellow humans were; King Kong was gentle in his beastly handling of Beauty, and his destructiveness was simply an adjunct of his great size and therefore clumsiness. When he dies in the last reel gazing uncomprehending at his own blood on his great paw as he clings to the Empire State Building, every eye in the audience is wet in sympathy.

Post World War II studies of chimpanzees and gorillas in their natural habitats seemed to reinforce this picture of our gentle cousins, new noble savages. At the same time, work on teaching them to speak through sign language and computers comfortingly confirmed our superiority through their very closeness, their ability to ape humans but not to initiate. Our intelligent aggression became part of a new mythology.

As research into their natural communities has continued, however, it has become clear that within their social and geographical limitations they are as complex and as potentially violent as us. Gorillas and chimpanzees go in for vicious tribal wars that involve infanticide and genocide. The reported kidnapping and cannibalism from the Gombe by a mother and daughter couple preying on their neighbours' children is surely aberrant but all too humanly so, and orang utangs commit rape. Tucked away among other data Dian Fossey has recorded the first reported instances of unisexual couplings by both male and female wild gorillas.

We have lost, if we are truthful, the gentle giant fable of cuddly, furry, near but nicer-than humans and got ourselves back in monkey suits. There should be nothing shocking in this. We, humankind, set out as a hunter-gatherer species which began, like the other apes, to fashion tools and develop communication systems for regulating our social and provisioning lives. Our relationship with prey animals must have been close and probably embedded in that framework of ritual magic, traces of which survived until recently among all the aboriginal hunting cultures, and which can also be seen in prehistoric art. We were one species among many, part of the kill and be killed biosphere, the food-chain, the nitrogen cycle:

> ...finches fly*
> In the claw tracks of hawks
> On a seizing sky...
> The rippled seals streak down
> To kill and their own tide-daubing blood
> Slides good in the sleek mouth.

*Dylan Thomas, *Poem on his birthday*.

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Our probably accidental discovery of farming, of food management, changed all this and set the mainstream of civilising endeavour off down a course of exploitation, inventing by the way writing and cities, pottery and Hercules aircraft. Because of our mastery, for that's what it is in spite of periodic famine, of our food supply we became the dominant species able to enslave the rest, except for those species who live in our bloodstream, in the eco-systems of our bodies, and even they we now threaten not just with our own immune systems but with the new weaponry of ever more sophisticated drugs.

The other creatures now exist solely with our permission and mainly to serve our purpose, including our pleasure. If too many gulls drive the terns from their nesting sites we poison the gulls so that the terns may be preserved for our interest. Darwin's 'endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful' are at our mercy. We had, of course, being the psychologically complex, myth-making, moralising creatures that we are, to give ourselves a justification for this in our earliest attempts to explain the order of things, a kind of ethical ur-cosmology, by stories of God or gods giving us dominion over the other animals, the right to make their lives entirely subservient to ours, to deny them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, reserving those primary needs of any biological unit for ourselves, our young, our species, our genes.

Whereas the hunter-gatherers who lived in a more symbiotic relationship with their prey could see the hunted as gods themselves or as equals, as living autonomous beings, the herding of animals, controlling their movements and their reproductive cycle, brought them closer to being objects in our eyes and took us apart from them. A hierarchy of the governing and the governed was set up, that was made to seem, in self-justification, a natural order not one imposed by mankind. The battery hen is logically implicit in the Babylonian herd of goats, once we have taken away the other animals' right to self-determination. From then on it's a matter simply of justifying the degrees of suffering attendant on various styles of management not the practice itself. As our own population increased we felt ourselves forced to increase that of our food animals and to farm them ever more intensively. Our success in this helped to increase our human numbers and so the pattern has gone on until in Britain alone we now kill over 33 million mammals and around 70 million birds and countless fishes a year.

Hand in hand with agribusiness and as a bloodily logical counterpart to it, has been the development of the health industry. Beginning with the old precept 'try it on the dog', medicine in Western Europe has, since the seventeenth century, treated non-human animals not as food units but as research tools for the improvement of our species. The basis for this, from Harvey's experiments to prove the circulation of blood to 'Baby Fae', has been our perception, however imperfectly understood and resisted in its implications, of physiological similarity: we are all animals.

Christian theology by imputing a soul only to humans reaffirmed our difference and thereby helped to give backing to a practice which many found repugnant. Descartes's doctrine of the mechanistic nature of the other creatures reinforced this and paved the way for the establishment, initially in France, of the systematic use of vivisection as the main avenue of medical research. Ideas do matter.

THIS NEW abuse of animals expanded in a period of brutality and exploitation. Slavery, child labour, massive prostitution, human and equine drudgery were part of everyday life. Even so, many prople protested at the practice of 'live cutting' which, like operations on humans, was done without anaesthesia. Known experiments, however, still numbered fewer than three hundred in 1876 when the Cruelty to Animals Act was passed, which was meant to regulate among other malpractices the use of animals in research. It proved in the event a vivisectors' charter and has taught animal rights campaigners to look at all legislation with a leery eye.

The provisions laid down then for a few hundred have never been revised, though slightly modified, it will be argued, even when the numbers involved reached what it's hoped were their peak in 1971 with over 5.5 million experiments a year.

The greatest explosion in animal experimentation came with the post-war upsurge of the consumer society when some of us began to have it ever so good. Ironically figures tend to decline in wartime as minds are concentrated on the wounds we give each other and there is an increased supply of human guinea-pigs. The now continual invention of products for domestic, industrial and military use gives us an unending flow of unknown substances which manufacturers fear to loose on the public without first trying on the dog, cat, chimpanzee and bizarrely even on fish, birds and insects. The notorious LD50 test which attempts to measure the toxicity of a substance to man by dosing selected groups of animals with it to the point where half of them die, often from the sheer quantity ingested, is applied alike for lipstick, weedkillers, nerve gas, food colourants and drugs whether the law requires it or not. In 1981 testing not required by legislation involved 1,432,305 experiments, 33 per cent of that year's total.

Such massive numbers imply a back-up industry in the supply of animals for research running into millions of pounds. The baboon heart for 'Baby Fae' came from one of a troop specially bred for the purpose. Other apes have been used before in transplant surgery and in weapons testing and accident research. Yet never perhaps have humans shown greater interest in, or empathy for, our cousins. The appetite for wild-life programmes is insatiable. We admire the other creatures' beauty and their difference from us; we peer into their domestic, sexual and social lives to make, as we have always done, comparisons with our own. We use them for myth and metaphor in literature and art and try to set up conservation schemes and areas to combat the effects of our own spoliation of the planet, but only for our convenience and pleasure, not theirs. Conservationists care for the uniqueness of a species, not the single biological unit and are therefore willing to accept a cull of seals, elephants or the deer in Richmond park when the animals are too successful at survival for their own good.

There have always been people in this country who protested against cruelty to animals: 19th century English spinsters on holiday were well-known for belabouring foreign donkey drivers who beat their beasts of burden. The RSPCA was founded as long ago as 1824 and began at once using new legislation to prosecute for individual acts of cruelty. It's the changed nature of animal abuse in the post-war period that has endangered the Society's credibility and its dominant role in the animal welfare movement, since the demand now is no longer for an imperialist better treatment for the poor natives but for 'rights', in parallel with the feminist and other anti-colonialist movements. Individual prosecutions are puny weapons against two massive industries which have once again reduced sentient creatures to Cartesian automata to be processed in battery or laboratory.

THE SIZE and impersonality of much animal suffering and the failure of governments to change archaic laws has led to a violence of despair among many animal rights campaigners which has split the movement and encouraged the use of direct action against those who profit from mass exploitation. In the late fifties the Home Office, realising that a law nearly a hundred years old needed updating, appointed the Littlewood Committee to enquire and recommend which it did in 1965. Nearly twenty years later its report has never even been debated by Parliament

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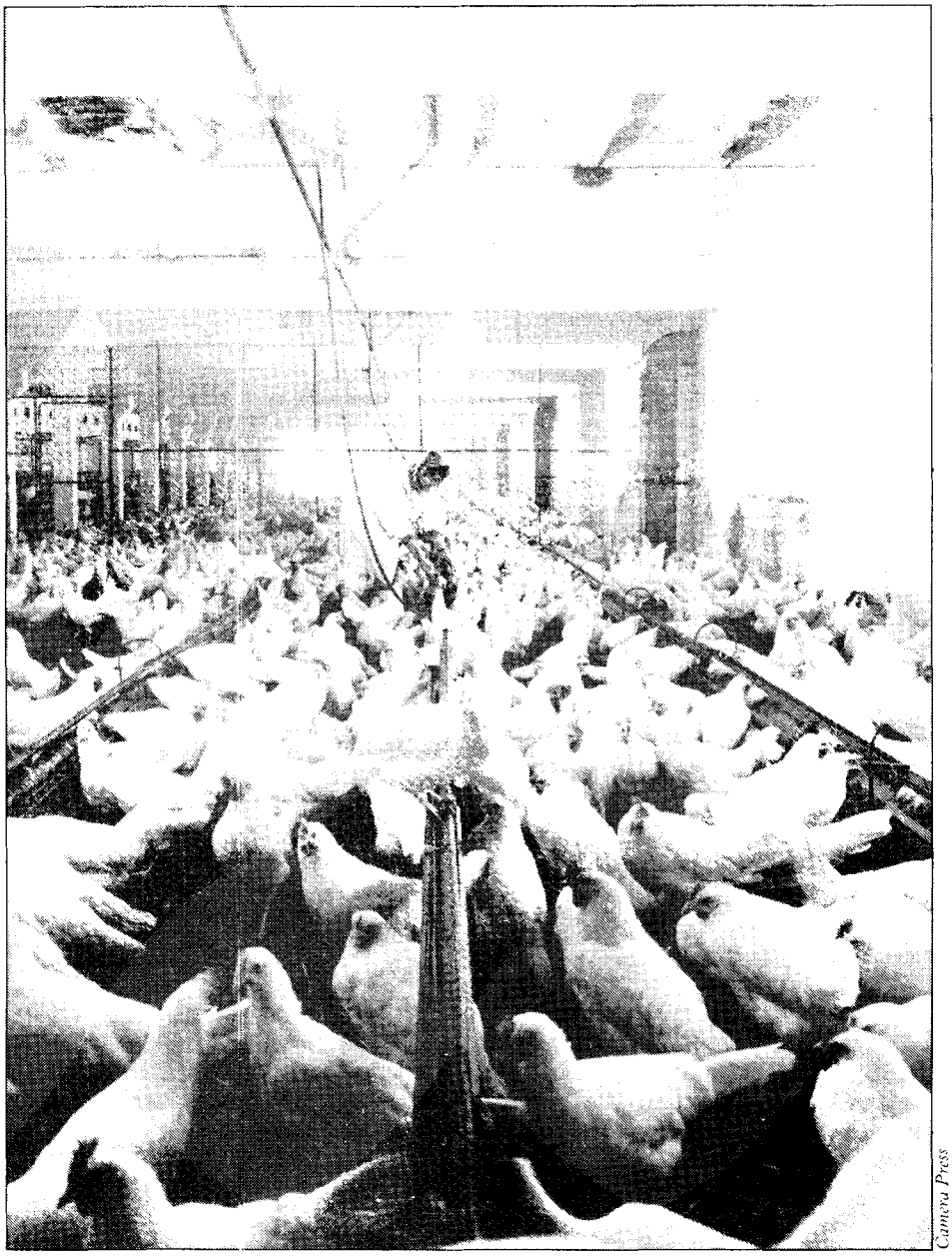

Camera Press

Factory farming: chickens made into things by our discovery of food management

and has now been itself overtaken by technological and social change. When democracy fails to carry out its own process of debate and modification natural idealism is frustrated and turns sour.

Animal rights campaigners are by tradition passivist, anti-violence and dedicated to fund-raising, leafletting and petitioning. For a long time their most characteristic representative was the female cat lover who could be treated as a joke and ignored by the masculine world of real politics. Several factors have combined in the last decade to change that image. The first has, in a sense, little to do with animal rights but is rather a manifestation of the disillusion of, especially, young people with humankind and our political system.

One of the charges levelled against so called 'animal lovers' has been that they care more about non-humans than about us. What was a propaganda half truth has, I believe, edged nearer to reality under the constant spectre of nuclear war and the moral enhancement of an individualistic consumer society based on the acquisition of material goods and every man for himself. Many people find it hard to exercise our evolutionarily puzzling but seemingly necessary altruism in these conditions, on behalf of humans and through the party political machine, although it will burst out in individual charitable response to famine appeals.

Altruism exists among other animals as part of maternal or parental care where its evolutionary function is obvious, but among apes it also extends to siblings, distant relatives or what may be merely friends. Chimpanzees have been recorded bringing food and comfort to elderly or sick members of the group with whom they have close relationships. As with so many differences between us and them I suspect we have here one of degree rather than kind, intensified by our cultural superstructure.

Altruism exists among all age groups of human society and is particularly strong among young people, derived perhaps partly from a generalization of latent parental caring which is diverted into protecting the group. Unfortunately the society and its ethos on offer at the moment seem to give little outlet for these strong emotions. We are disillusioned with ourselves. Party politics, when the old class loyalties are under threat from unemployment and consumerism, seem a dirty game, either concerned with immediate practicalities or ineffective to bring about that utopia without which no map is worth having. We have done, and contemplate doing again, hideous things to each other against the wishes of ordinary people. The combination of impotence and fear breeds cynicism, the conviction that all politicians and parties are alike, and perhaps mankind isn't worth preserving.

Only the other animals remain innocent and therefore fit recipients for the outpouring of our frustrated idealism. Yet because of the very intensity of these emotions they can themselves turn violent when the same old political and economic barriers are reared against them. We live too, for reasons too numerous to explore here, in a time of heightened, though largely institutionalised, aggression, partly as the price of avoiding the full-scale conflict we have made too dangerous. The extreme activist wing of the spectrum of concern which is the whole animal rights and welfare movement is affected by this, as well as by the inertia of the status quo backed by the vested interests of the drug companies and the agribusiness. The danger is that the use of terror tactics will provide a further excuse for denying change and will prolong the sufferings of the real victims. Our resistance to being pushed can be a national vice.

'Baby Fae' and the 'poisoned' Mars bar provide the opposite sides of the coin which is our relationship with the other animals. We kill a healthy creature to try to prolong the life of our young, while we threaten, if only in hoax, the lives of our own young for the sake of other species. This ambiguity mirrors our uneasy post-Darwinian apprehension of ourselves as animals but other. Our very similarity makes it feasible for us to use them in surgery and research while our difference, the source of our power over them, makes it possible. We have no intrinsic moral right to behave as we do. Our self justification can only be that we are acting like other predators in protecting our species, our genes and the biological units which embody them. □

Maureen Duffy is the author of Men and Beasts: an animal rights handbook, *Granada, 1984. She is working on a new novel and her collected poems will be published next year.*

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In a nutshell

Oliver Harris

Denton Welch: The Making of a Writer
MICHAEL DE-LA-NOY *Viking* £12.95

IN HIS LAST novel, incomplete at the time of his early death, Denton Welch described himself as a 'sort of small god, keeping carefully within his own territory'. His fictional and personal worlds were indeed physically confined, which is probably why Michael de-la-Noy's thorough biography seems too self-limiting. He stands back, deferring to his subject, with the implication that to interpret a personality is impertinent. Through extensive quotation the book becomes a Denton Welch reader, a delightful but low-key patchwork of his autobiographical fiction, journals and letters. If only for completing the record of his existence, it is an essential text. But, taken out of context, the precious minutiae of Welch's prose lose their iconographic value; the sea-change of art is undone. As a result Welch the diminutive god often sounds more like Denton the small child.

His was a mercilessly claustrophobic life, its turning point being the bicycle accident that blighted his youth and caused his last dozen years to be spent in fastidious and introspective recollection. Born in 1915, amid the cosmopolitan glamour of Shanghai, Welch was emotionally deprived, already clearly out of place in his upper-middle-class family. Looking rather like a 'startled Easter chick', the sensitive youngest son was inordinately devoted to his American mother. A devout Christian Scientist and a victim of Bright's Disease, she died when he was 11 and that loss stunted his development. So, Welch's brilliant ability to capture the nuances of childhood suggests not re-creation but return; and this immaturity is the lens of his fictional eye. His moments of risqué homosexual frankness, the thrill of horror or scatological fascination, all derive their power from this disingenuous perspective. The veneers of 'sane' adult society peel off and Denton is there to witness the shaming vulnerability and animal terror beneath. It would be a mistake to underestimate the psychological acuity of his vision, to see him as an eccentric curiosity and no more.

In 1929 he went to Repton, where he was 'horribly unhappy and lonely'. The institutionalised brutality of public school life filled him with stifled revolt; the opening line of his debut novel *Maiden Voyage*, records the first attempt of the prisoner to break out: 'After I had run away from school, no-one knew what to do with me.'

At the Goldsmith School of Art, pursuing his original ambition as a painter, he was restlessly looking for a direction, a life. But one day in 1936, as he was cycling along, *it* found him. The physical legacy was a fractured spine, ruined kidneys and impotence. And if his writing was an attempt to exorcise the nightmare, it was also a perpetual reminder. The powerlessness of the lonely child was duplicated as the helplessness of the adult invalid. It is impossible not to share Welch's sense of degradation while in hospital, or just trapped in the broken body. Thankfully, the darkness is reclaimed by camp humour and a naive sense of outrageous fantasy, conferring also a measure of detachment on his prose.

Welch had no philosophy to speak of and only a passing interest in social or political events; his *Journals* (recently republished by Allison & Busby and also edited by De-la-Noy) barely mention World War Two and, when they do, it is with the suggestion that global self-destruction and madness simply mirror individual experience. Living in a state of seige, frustrated in his yearnings, Welch sought the escape velocity of the imagination in the underworld of emotions. He was trapped like Kafka's Gregor Samsa, the dead-weight of his mutated body dramatising his terrors of frustration and loss. So he re-animated the past, feeding his reverie with visions of ease and agility.

It was his physician, Dr Jack Easton — with whom the young and desperate Denton was infatuated — who intuited his potential talent and motivated his partial recovery. Unable to handle his feelings, he could channel his nervous energy into writing. With the success of his short stories etc. Welch's horizons rapidly broadened and his letters reveal his skill as a cool manipulator and formidable self-publicist. He courted the attention of the famous and remained childishly vain of any attention.

From a self portrait by Denton Welch

Domestic rather than literary circles were all his health permitted. In between relapses he roamed the Kent countryside alone, flirting with young males, always with a sense of helpless longing, like a diabetic in a sweet shop. Throughout his letters and journal entries rings the boyish, fluty voice, the gossipy humour and the naked charm of his absurdities. Less flattering are the moments of malicious vanity or wild hysteria.

The last five years of his life were marked by his relationship with Eric Oliver, described at first as a 'hearty land-boy'. Lopsided and stormy as their friendship seemed, it eventually stabilised, bringing Denton the shared love and hope he never thought to experience. There was always a domestic muddle, with 'atmospheres' in his cottage in Tonbridge, but he now had something to sustain his will in the teeth of decay: 'I hate falling to bits; it is so repulsive.'

Frightened by life, Welch was nevertheless not too timid to counter-attack. If his novels were emissaries sent out on his behalf to range the world, they were also psychic assaults on the general public: of his risqué story 'When I was Thirteen', he declared, 'I hope it will shake them and send electric shocks down their spine.' An outsider — and a voyeur — he lingers over erotic and shaming details with vicarious pleasure. There is even a vampiristic quality to his merciless exploitation of suspect characters (i.e. everyone) for his fiction.

But his literary success was tantalising; his precarious health interfered constantly. By the winter of 1947, with the nation ration- and ice-bound, he required daily shots of morphine. TB of the spine was diagnosed. Welch wrote: 'one just feels as if one was being torn apart by wild apes.' A macabre but brave humour. Comedy redeems the nightmare and enlivens every episode of this biography. Four months before his death in August 1948, during a brief respite from bed-bound fever, Welch and Oliver were invited for tea at Sissinghurst Castle. The lengthy narrative is the last entry in Welch's journal and in it he is very much the anxious invalid, tenacious but doomed, saved from himself by self-mockery. He travels in the back of the car cocooned with velvet cushions and tartan rugs; he comments: 'I lay there with my feet up, preserving myself frantically!'

He may seem too chi-chi for some, but his brief life touches a universal bruised humanity, and cries out to be read. □

Presiding genius

Peter Wilsher

Turing's Man
J. DAVID BOLTER *Duckworth* £12.95
The Second Self
SHERRY TURKLE *Granada* £12.50

IN THE AGE of the computer, even those of us too hidebound, too cack-handed or too frightened to interact directly with these powerfully ubiquitous machines, cannot escape their influence. They not only dominate an ever-growing area of practical life but increasingly they are becoming the measures and metaphors by which our generation tests its capabilities and inadequacies and attempts a greater understanding of itself. After barely 30 years they have emerged as 'the defining technology' of the late 20th century, with a philosophic potency at least equal to that of the potter's wheel in ancient Greece, the clock in the Middle Ages and the steam engine to the heirs of the industrial revolution.

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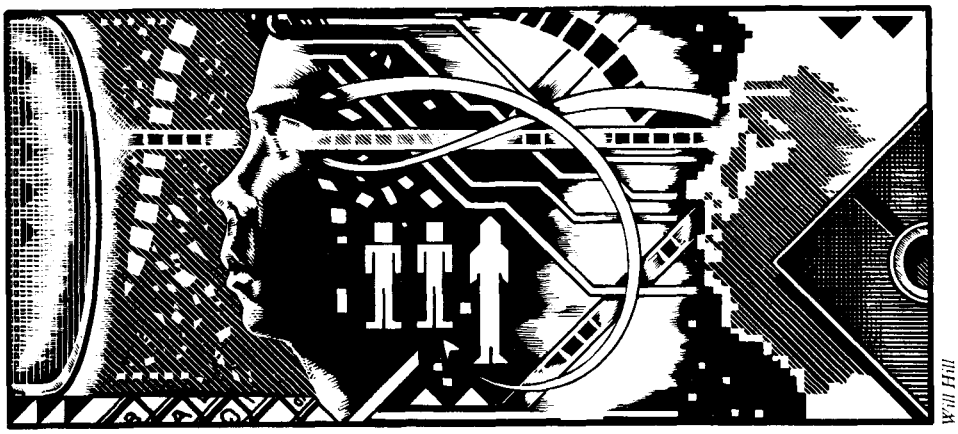

Will Hill

Both these very different books set out to explore this phenomenon, but from almost diametrically opposite starting points. Bolter, a professor of classics at the University of North Carolina, is interested in the way the computer treats such things as language, logic, space and time — 'with an odd combination of practicality and philosophic abstraction'. Sherry Turkle, a sociologist, went instead to talk to a broad selection of the people who are now caught up in this new computerised culture: the children who learn reading from their 'Speak and Spell' machines, the teenagers who achieve a sense of both power and creativity from their ability to master video games and the manipulation of high-resolution graphics, the bleary-eyed 'hackers' who wrestle through the night to bend a complex programme (usually someone else's) to their skill and will, and the dedicated band of innovators, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the like, who are trying to gain an insight into how a truly 'artificial intelligence' could be made to work.

Turkle covers the more familiar ground, though she makes a number of interesting and provocative points along the way. She is particularly illuminating when she explores the pull of video games, to show how the really good player is forced to go beyond the simplicities of merely 'winning' or piling up a big score and enter, with total mental and physical concentration, into the complex but ultimately rule-driven world that the programmer has imagined. As she says, 'if there is a danger here it is not the danger of mindless play, but of infatuation with the challenge of simulated worlds. In the right circumstances some people come to prefer them to the real.'

This is one of the central ideas that Bolter, in his much more profound and far-reaching reflections, attempts to pin down. Just what is gained and lost when human powers are as comprehensively stretched as they can be by the combination of stored programme, central processing unit and random access memory? His title, of course, refers to Alan Turing, the young Cambridge mathematician who, in 1936, conceived, in what was initially a pure feat of cerebration, the fundamental characteristics of such a device. And we, the first full generation of 'Turing's Men', are just beginning to realise what sort of genie he let out of the bottle.

Bolter is not really interested in the nuts and bolts of the computer. He explains just enough about the inner workings for the innumerate 'general reader' to follow his arguments, and then plunges deep into the metaphysical implications of a machine that 'embodies logical thought'. This 'thought', though, is of a very particular kind. It has little or no room for the dreamy imaginings, feelings, ambiguities and contradictions that go into the thinking process as commonly understood: it works only within the strict conventions of formal logic. To think in terms that allow you to inter-act creatively with a central processor requires acceptance of a strict, no-nonsense framework. Your logical processing must be discrete, conventional, finite and isolated from the dust, mess and chaos of ordinary life; and together these four characteristics subtly colour the way in which 'Turing's Man' sees almost everything around him. Nothing is real that cannot be successfully simulated; all information, all knowledge must be capable of representation within the binary code — its elements ultimately must be on or off, black or white, yes or no, either/or.

More than that even, 'computer thought is a triumph of nominalism'. In a world dominated by such devices there can be no profound correspondence between thought and the universe at large. Symbols are manipulated, each senseless and arbitrary in isolation with no 'reality' behind them. Only when they are incorporated into a programme do they acquire a single, unambiguous function. And the whole programme, as Bolter points out, then amounts far more to an 'invention' than to any kind of 'discovery'.

The scope for such invention, once the techniques have been mastered, can seem almost boundless. In a passage quoted by both these authors, one enthusiast has written:

> Computer programmes compliantly obey their laws and vividly exhibit their obedient behaviour. No playwright, no stage director, no emperor, however powerful, has ever exercised such absolute authority to arrange a stage or a field of battle...

But this power, in fact, is limited, and in a multiplicity of ways. Not only by the nature of Turing-type logic, where everything, however extensive and pervasive, must ultimately be contained within a closed loop (so much for the possibility of 'progress', in which the 19th century, with its all-conquering railway trains, invested so much faith), but also by the constraints of space within the computer-memory, the time within which it realistically has to operate and the nature of the language that it can use.

This is perhaps the most important limitation of all. As Bolter says:

> There are no connotations, no fuzzy meanings in a FORTRAN variable. Uncertainty in a computer language will not produce poetry, express emotion, add colour, or do anything at which natural language excels. It will simply produce an error, and the programme will have to be repaired.

There is no room for one type of ambiguity, never mind seven, within the recesses of even the most powerful fifth-generation main frame, and hence, it would appear, no scope for the sideways imaginative leaps which we like to think represent the true triumphs of the human, as opposed to the mechanical mind.

On that basis, Bolter makes a good suggestion for side-stepping the increasingly sterile debate about 'artificial intelligence' and whether or not we can expect the machines one day to take over. The true formulation, he proposes, should rather be 'synthetic intelligence', on the analogy of synthetic silk and synthetic strawberry ice cream: a cheap, useful, widely available substitute, perfectly acceptable in a great variety of applications and recipes, but when it really matters just not a patch on the real thing.

It is a comforting formulation, especially for those born too early to succumb to the temptation of 'Dungeons and Dragons'. But it should not blur appreciation of the deeper kind of synthesis going on, as millions of small children and younger adults out there start to accept inter-action with the microprocessor as a natural and often deeply satisfying adjunct to life. Both Bolter and Turkle have descriptions of the LOGO programme, devised to help tiny pre-school tots start teaching themselves geometry and mathematics. At the earliest age they are acquiring a sense of mastery over the most modern and powerful technology, and establishing intimate contact with some of the deepest ideas from science and the art of intellectual model-building. For the first time the 'defining technology' of an age is being made available, not to a small, adult élite, but to battalions of five-year-olds, taking it all in through their finger-ends. What that means, no one is yet in a position to tell. But it seems unlikely that it will be either trivial or insignificant. □

ALFRED MARNAU

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CHILDREN

A serious business

Andrew Clements

SUDDENLY picture books seem to have grown up. The most impressive of the current crop aimed at the under-sevens have deadly serious themes — bereavement and divorce, blindness, the Chinese Revolution, the Arms Race — suggesting that a whole bundle of taboos has been broken at once. Good, old-fashioned fantasy is a rare commodity at present — there are plenty of fanciful, contrived large-format books around, but very few that hit the right level in both text and illustrations.

Liz Underhill's **Pigs Might Fly** (Methuen, £6.50) demonstrates the problem all too well — self-consciously clever illustrations crammed with cut-outs and whimsical detail, and a quite dreadful text that falls over its own puns and alliterates itself into gibberish. Even a household name is no guarantee of success: James Herriot's **Moses the Kitten** (Michael Joseph/A & C Black, £4.95) takes a self-contained tale from one of his vet books, matches it to some pleasant pictures by Peter Barrett and expects the result to be a money-making children's story. But the prose is just too clotted and over-wrought to be read aloud, and requires a reading age of around 12, by which time the child will have grown out of such cosy sentiment; no doubt it will sell by the thousand.

The Magic Island by Janet Marsh (Michael Joseph, £5.95) draws heavily on the tradition of Victorian natural history painting, with beautifully executed watercolours of an enchanted landscape in which animals and children meet on an equal footing, but which are rooted firmly in a careful observation of the real world. Children will like the pictures, perhaps find the story a little too arch; it sags badly twice and is never quite redeemed by the graphics. But for an even younger audience Nicola Bayley's **Crab Cat** and **Parrot Cat** (Walker Books, £1.95 each) are enchanting — minimal texts and sequences of ravishing fantastical illustrations. Easily the finest of the pure fantasies, though, is Quentin Blake's **The Story of the Dancing Frog** (Cape, £5.50). George, the dancing frog, is discovered in a local wood by the recently widowed Gertrude, who becomes his manager and takes him on a world tour that takes audiences by storm and brings him appearances with Isadora Duncan, Fred Astaire and the Bolshoi. Blake's pictures are typically energetic, crammed with crisply observed detail and coupled with a text that is by turns nostalgic, witty and consistently compelling: a strong story quite without pretension.

Now into the real world. **One Night at a Time** by Susan Hill, illustrated by Vanessa Julian-Ottie (Hamish Hamilton, £4.95), and **Are you there, Bear?** by Ron Maris (Julia MacRae, £4.95) both deal with bad dreams and irrational fears. In *One Night at a Time* Tom's vivid imagination brings on nightmares from all kinds of everyday things — TV programmes, washing machines, hedge-clippers, night lights. How he conquers his terror is the substance of the story, neatly and straightforwardly told, even if the pictures are mundane. *Are you there, Bear?* reworks one of the perennial themes for very young children — a game of hide and seek played out to the last page — in bold, bright colours and simple, explosive sentences, but at the same time shows how darkness turns even the most familiar toys into menacing shadows. Carefully used, it could reassure many a toddler terrified of the dark.

While several authors have tried to introduce school-age children to death and the loss of grandparents, I think John Burningham's **Granpa** (Cape, £4.95) is the first to take it down to the simplest, picture-book level. It treats the subject gently, poetically — a series of typical Burningham illustrations, spare, immensely evocative, intercut with snatches of dialogue across the generation gap: '*When we get to the beach can we stay there for ever?* — 'Yes, but we must go back for our tea at four o'clock.' 'When I was a boy we used to roll our wooden hoops down the street after school' — '*Were you once a baby as well, Granpa?*'. Granpa, though, begins to slow up, becomes chair bound — 'Granpa can't come out to play today' — and eventually disappears, leaving the child staring at an empty armchair. Visually it will be marvellously potent for young children, while adults (at whom surely the text is aimed) may find it peculiarly moving.

Even more accomplished is **The Visitors Who Came to Stay** by Annalena McAfee and Anthony Browne (Hamish Hamilton, £4.95) which treats the subject of divorce and a single-parent family with enormous sensitivity. Katy lives with her Dad in a large house in a seaside town; she sees her Mum only occasionally at weekends. Father and daughter have a reassuring routine which is threatened when Dad brings home Mary and her awful son Sean; they move in, and suddenly the house doesn't seem so big any more. But when they move out again Katy begins to miss them . . . Anthony Browne's illustrations add yet another level to this beautifully perceptive tale. They teem with imaginative life — fat ladies from seaside postcards, surreal juxtapositions of images within apparently naturalistic settings, seagulls cropping up everywhere. It is altogether an outstanding book.

Maria in Catherine Brighton's book (Faber, £4.95) is blind. She inhabits her own world of touch, sound and smell, with an imaginary friend Bumper who makes her misbehave. It has no real narrative thread, simply a series of images through Maria's day: clean, artfully composed pictures and a lucid, elegant text, which could well bring sighted children a questioning awareness of what it's like to be blind. **Ling and the Little Devils** (Pelham Books, £4.95) is a real oddity. Its author and illustrator, Svend Otto S. is apparently Danish, but the book is set in pre-revolutionary China and tells the story of a teenager who encounters the communist rebels, recruits his friends into 'the Little Devils' to harass and distract the government forces and eventually joins the Long March. It is competently told, efficiently illustrated, but not quite vivid enough to engage the attention of the younger child.

Parents themselves brought up on Dr Seuss books will no doubt have sought out his latest for their own progeny. But even those like me usually resistant to his insistent rhymes might well make an exception for **The Butter Battle Book** (Collins, £4.95 & £2.95), the story of the escalating war between the Yooks and the Zooks, who develop ever more deadly weapons until they come up with the ultimate deterrent, the Big-Boy Boomeroo. As a parable of the utter stupidity of the Arms Race it is terribly effective.

Finally **Body Noises** by Susan Kovacs Buxbaum and Rita Golden Gelman (Hamish Hamilton, £4.95 & £1.95): explanations of how we cough, sneeze, snore, yawn, hiccup, burp, fart, with carefully labelled diagrams. It is really a serious piece of popular science, most accurately researched, but put together with a light touch. Seven- and eight-year-olds will love its lavatorial aspects and learn something about themselves at the same time, while I can think of a few adults who could read it with some profit. . . □

Just think

Bernard Crick

The Needs of Strangers
MICHAEL IGNATIEFF *Chatto* £9.95 & £3.95

WHEN DECISIONS have to be made — or sometimes are made by not making them — in a world in which people naturally have different values and different interests, then there is always need before action to give thought: to be clear that we are sure what the problem is and what different principles govern different solutions. Some, of course, prefer the cavalry charge, or militant mindlessness; but they charge only because they believe that there is only one solution and one relevant set of values. They admit, of course, that in fact there are different values and solutions; but that is only because the ONE MESSAGE, whether of God's will or class consciousness, has been misread. Political philosophers have at least agreed that if you think there is only one solution to a given problem, you are wrong; or, more politely, you have misunderstood the nature of both politics and human relationships.

The habit of political thought needs reviving. Political dilemmas cannot be settled by or reduced to economics or sociology. These condition but they do not determine the political. Yet political thought is too important to be left to academic political philosophers, now so professional and introverted. Michael Ignatieff is a political philosopher who now tries to break out as a free-lance writer; but not, I should warn, in an immediately popular or popularising way; rather by raising, albeit in simple and most beautiful prose, difficult basic questions and relating them to some key tales or parables of our culture.

How do we know the needs of strangers? What do we mean by 'needs'? Living above a street-market, he observes the poor rummaging through old clothes on a barrow. He argues that the political arguments of Right and Left which

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rage over these old people's heads usually take their needs for granted — income, food, clothing, shelter and medical care. There are different views on the level of basic needs, and how best to provide, whether by the state, charity or the market. Ignatieff could be read as implying that these differences are unimportant, but that would be unfair. He simply does not beat his breast or indulge us but coolly and sadly insists that a rhetoric of material needs is not enough.

Material needs can be specified as rights, but 'money cannot buy the human gestures which confer respect. . . It is because fraternity, love, belonging, dignity and respect cannot be specified as rights, that we ought to specify them as needs and seek... to make their satisfaction a routine human practice'. He sees these concepts as encompassing the meaning of life. Now, unhappily, when someone asks 'Is there a secular politics capable of satisfying this need for ultimate meaning?', we are apt (well, some of us) to switch off, thinking that a sermon will follow on the irrelevance of materialism and quantifiable rights, either other-worldly stuff or the demarcation theology of the present Pope (of which Brother Gummer recently delivered a debased Anglican version), but Ignatieff is simply saying — a simplicity that takes nerve as well as thought — that our secular language has great difficulty in expressing the greater human needs, those needs to which material rights are essential preconditions, but not sufficient conditions for leading fulfilled lives or avoiding dilemmas even in an affluent egalitarian society.

If social science has been poor in expressing the greatest needs, literature and art have been rich; and the history of thought at many points provides paradigm tales of great dilemmas. So first he considers Lear on the heath — does the removal of the social reveal natural man stripped naked? Plainly not. '*Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.*' Cordelia's fault is not that she will not proclaim her love, but that she does it all too plainly and proud Lear cannot bear her knowledge of his human need. On the heath, he appeals to the pity of humanity; but there is no humanity if we have rejected whatever social groups there are, however imperfect — such as the family. There is a rather direct parable here for so many fellow socialists who go on and on about community but reject, or pretend to, working in and through the only actual communities we have: the contempt of the trendy parricides for both actual and metaphorical families.

Augustine on sexuality becomes a parable on balance of body and spirit. Boswell visits Hume and then haunts his neighbourhood while he is dying, almost distraught that a man can appear to die without fear, live wholly by a calculus of interest, reconciled to both natality and death as accidents. But when Hume's scepticism turns into Adam Smith's market, Rousseau protests that an individual is not an individual without some richer senses of belonging in groups which need some minimal equality despite the market. And modern art shows us both the pleasures and the alienation of life in the modern city. Each of these chapters is linked thematically, but logically they can be read as separate essays, meditations or speculations.

The book is unusual, beautifully written and profoundly thoughtful, and therefore thought-provoking. It pleased me so much that I want to give that gift to the stranger and his publisher's publicity department. But perhaps better 'profoundly thoughtful, on the whole'. There is an occasional feeling of trying too hard to be wise and deep (one intangible need is surely humour), so he can fall into truism and bathos: 'Freedom is also empty if we lack a language in which we can choose the good.' And he makes the need for a new 'language' his rather empty formal conclusion: 'Modern life has changed the possibilities of civic solidarity, and our language stumbles behind like an overburdened porter with a mountain of old cases.' But, oh dear, a bit like Dale Spender's thoughts that are 'inexpressible' in a male language, what will his new language of needs and not of rights actually say? Something familiar, I hope. A meditation on the nature of problems does not need the pretence of a solution. □

POETRY

Prodigal son

John Lucas

Rich
CRAIG RAINE *Faber* £5.95 & £2.95
Station Island
SEAMUS HEANEY *Faber* £5.95 & £2.95
Sweeney Astray
SEAMUS HEANEY *Faber* £6.95 & £2.95
Fast Forward
PETER PORTER *Oxford* £4.50
Selected Poems
TONY HARRISON *Viking* £9.95 & *Penguin* £3.50

RICH comes in three sections. The first contains poems about Craig Raine's immediate family and is called 'Rich'. Then there is a prose section, 'The Silver Plate', in which he writes about his boyhood and especially his extraordinary father, an unemployed and unemployable epileptic with a gift of tongues and overwhelming personality, someone who seems to be all appetite. The third section, 'Poor', contains poems which sometimes draw on the same material as the second section and which are about suffering of various kinds. What links the three sections is best expressed in Wallace Stevens's dictum that the greatest poverty is not to live in a physical world. Raine does not quote this, although he quotes from a great many other writers, but you feel that Stevens hovers over many of the pages of *Rich*.

I do not mean this to be a criticism. After all, Stevens's appetite for reality always had something slightly theoretical to it which is hardly the case with Raine. In fact, probably enough has already been said about the veracity and voraciousness of his visual appetency and it is certainly true that he is more willing than Stevens ever was to see the world again with an ignorant eye.

This kind of intensity of vision becomes its own morality, especially in the opening section and above all in 'Pornography' and the already-

Cont'd on p.34

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Shorter reviews

A Woman's Touch: Women in Design from 1860 to the Present Day
ISABELLE ANSCOMBE *Virago* £14.95 & £7.95

The history of women artists has been so greatly developed in recent years that it comes as a surprise to see the present book avoiding the latest debates about presenting and assessing forgotten women in the context of international art. Isabelle Anscombe sensibly observes that the strongly practical contribution of women to design can be fully appreciated only by studying their lives. But here generous provision of context, ostensibly aimed at the general reader, means that women are discussed and dropped in dictionary fashion rather than compared in different situations.

In describing the contribution that women in Britain, Europe and America have made to design in the last 120 years, Anscombe has certainly chosen a vast area to coordinate. This results in some exaggerated dichotomies, designed, it seems, to accelerate the narrative as much as to describe the actual state of affairs. Most glaring is the use of the Blessed Damozel concept to encapsulate all those British women whose access to art was through male relatives, as opposed to the go-ahead American women of the 19th century. The illustrator Kate Greenaway and garden designer Gertrude Jekyll would have resented such a passive label.

Another dichotomy more useful as critical tool than actual fact is the modern contrast between the potent male high-tech 'culture' ideal and the repressive female country kitchen 'nature' ideal. If this trend is dominant at present, it seems unlikely that highly successful designers like Laura Ashley would object. But the ambivalent image that many female pop stars, for example, project is an optimistic sign of change and should give pause to those who don't realise that 'nature' involves as much artifice as 'culture' does.

It would have been interesting if Anscombe could have explored more general issues of style and change: how, for instance, the keynotes of interior decoration in the 1930s — air, light, cleanliness and utility — could be manifested in veneered doors, square armchairs and sensible pelmets, while the return of these same ideals to fashion in the 1980s has found such a different expression. But, despite these reservations, Anscombe does offer a readable account of the lives of many women designers and is willing to make a critical assessment of their work.

Clare Rendell

In the Freud Archives
JANET MALCOLM *Cape* £8.95

The central character of this book, Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson, is the author of a recent study in the history of psycho-analysis. *Freud: The Assault on Truth* purported to show that the concept of fantasy as a crucial element in neurosis was a grand deception worked out by Freud to placate his medical colleagues. What they could not stomach was Freud's true opinion, that neurosis derived from real sexual trauma in childhood. Masson's evidence was mostly circumstantial and the book was generally dismissed as another failed attack on the integrity of the Master.

Janet Malcolm's lively piece of new journalism was put together while Masson was desperately predicting that his book would send patients back to their analysts in droves, demanding recompense for their wasted hours. It didn't; even so, the story of Masson's penetration of the Freudian establishment, his misbehaviour and swift expulsion — leading, as all American dramas of this kind must, to a multi-million lawsuit — makes splendid comic reading, in the sense that implies a pervasive sadness.

Masson began psycho-analytic training in his thirties after a meteoric academic career as a professor of Sanskrit. His waspish yet ingratiating vitality conquered the reserve of K.R.Eissler, a veteran fighter for Freud's good memory. Eissler had the power to get Masson a job in the Freud Archives and to recommend him to Anna Freud, whose London house was still full of the Master's letters. When she agreed to show these to Masson, she sensed she was making a mistake: 'He's like my dogs. They race around the garden, they tear up everything, they get into everything.'

He did tear up everything — everything, that is, that mattered to his employers: promises, confidences, trust. And he was fired. Because his biggest fault was talking to the press about his theoretical ideas, his fate took on the trappings of an intellectual *cause célèbre*. As a liberal journalist, Janet Malcolm has some sympathy with this version of events. Underneath the row, however, she reveals two converging, classical plots: on one side, the old man, Eissler, who finds a young successor in a brilliant, irreverent disciple; on the other, Masson, the overgrown adolescent who tests his patron's loyalty to destruction. Eissler is betrayed, Masson rejected. It makes a cautionary tale, marred only by Janet Malcolm's taste for inconsequential metaphor, an aspect of her style more suited to the *New Yorker* articles where the book began. It says a lot, however, for her modesty that she never offers her own psycho-analytic interpretation of the story.

Michael Heffernan

The Rainbow People: The World of the Pleasure-Seeking Super Rich
RICHARD COLLIER *Weidenfeld* £10.95

This is like a replay, for voluntarily *un*-Rainbow people, of the scene from the Russian film of *War and Peace* where we peer over the backs of onlookers to see the glittering dance, the oohs and aahs it provokes, however, coming pretty close to ridicule: 2,319 pheasants bagged, so many acres to build the Vanderbilt house — how many sequins on a Pearly Queen's dress? Originating in the US and England of the 1860s and '70s, Collier's world closes with Onassis, 'the new rich of the 1970s' knowing how to live discreetly, 'policed by Dobermans'.

Collier's kind, who never 'had to think of' money, made a great Season of it lasting a century, disbursing their wealth first in staider edifices then in public revelry, but always in gargantuan, overt display. The nuances of the changes in this upper crust make this work something like a history, while the innuendoes of gossip give a wider perspective as well. We peer at an outline of the 'natural condition' of Princes, Indian Maharajahs 'dispossessed', Edward VII repossessing the state of Beau Brummel's Prinny. Onlookers at this the latest spectacle of a long-lived, widespread caste, we glimpse it as not the last of its very effective dance — the recovered 'discretion' of the 'Seventies Connection' not so much a difference as the hard core from which the Rainbow always springs. A good popular read, this book is astute enough to leave the sour taste of its subject behind. The real difficulty is picking a way through the dross to the nuggets of good art, health, education and living conditions that always supplied the better things to the crowd Collier surveys, the gold at the rainbow's end.

Angela Harding

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famous 'Arsehole'. Raine's taking and giving of the world — to borrow from a more recent poem — is the spendthrift prodigality of careless riches which at times degenerates into Mammon-like catalogues. More interesting, I think, are the poems which celebrate the catching of tigers in red weather, and which vindicate Raine's use of his father as a hero of the imagination. There is for example a poem called 'Again', in which Raine remarkably attempts to capture or suggest how a brain-damaged boy constructs a life out of the ways he hears and sees: 'If he utters the sound for pain,/ the one with cardboard clothes//will punish his pillows/and let him listen to the heart//she wears outside on a safety pin,/the better to show her love//when she holds his hand.'

There is nothing soft or sentimental about this poem. Instead, it has about it the imaginative gaiety which is also there in 'The Season at Scarborough 1923', a poem which invents his mother's perception of her work as a hotel chamber-maid, and that also shows in 'The Man who Invented Pain', although this poem about a wartime soldier who loosens pigeons and who is sentenced to be shot, can hardly get beyond its opening. For this is the absolute poem, the purely gratuitous act of celebrating a releasing imagination as the pigeons 'poured/past his hands,//a ravel of light/ like oxygen/escaping underwater'. Where can you go from there?

The direction is by way of fables about the imagination, with which the book closes. Of these the finest seems to me to be 'The Grey Boy' which, because it can't fully be understood by an effort of intellect, haunts me as few recent poems have. A group of children are camping beside the river . . . But to try to say what the poem is about is absurd. Yes, it's about different urgencies of the imagination and without the example of Stevens I do not think it could have been written. But it is also an entire and seamless creation.

Yet to say this brings me to the two criticisms I have of *Rich.* The first is that Raine's ear isn't always adequate to his imaginative energies. The short, three-line stanza form he has developed often moves with the kind of spasmodic jerkiness that comes near to spoiling such otherwise excellent poems as 'A Walk in the Country' and 'Widower'. And on other occasions poems seem to me to break up into detachable bits or simply not to have the accomplishment of rhythmic control they cry out for. This is especially true of the mis-begotten 'An Attempt at Jealousy'.

Secondly, and less emphatically, while I can see the force of Raine's wanting to find fresh ways of speaking the dialect of the tribe, I am not sure that the programme will lead anywhere but to the kind of sport poem exemplified by 'The Sylko Bandit', in which he stakes his claim for a poetry of new, extravagant mintings: 'he is the unexpected thyng,/who values not those laws/long passed enforcing playnesse. . .Sick affrayd of sumptuary police,/we do fear his flambouyance. . .' But language is surely as much a matter of rhythm, of stress and inflection, as it is of vocabulary?

That brings us back to the question of ear. It also takes us to **Station Island.** I seem to have been in a minority of one in thinking *Field Work* wasn't a very good volume: laboured, dutiful and dull. Heaney's gifts as a political, historical poet had been more or less exhausted with *North.* In the new volume he has freed himself from the constrictions of will and gone back to trusting his lovely gift of aural imagination. Not that this has been managed without a display of conscience. I take it that the key poem in the first part of the volume is 'Away From it All', recollections of a leisurely argument, over an evening meal of lobster, about poetry and various kinds of commitments. The poem isn't really successful if only because all the properties come in symbolically on cue: 'the light at the rim of the sea/is rendered down to a fine/graduation, somewhere between/balance and inanition.'

Still, I don't doubt that this was an important poem for Heaney to have written and you can forgive its programmatic nature especially if it helped allow for the writing of the three gorgeous love poems with which the volume opens, examples of Heaney's incomparable gift for putting words to their best use. There is also a poem called 'Changes' which, although it is slight, couldn't have been written except by a true poet, it so perfectly sleeves past, present and future in a way that Hardy would have understood and appreciated. And in the volume's opening section there are two poems which attend to Ireland's troubles. 'An Ulster Twilight' might have been as well or better written by half-a-dozen others. But only Heaney could have written 'The Loaning'. For the sense of sudden menace, of 'read' noises in the Irish countryside, of terrors waiting to declare themselves over again, call to mind that when 'Dante snapped a twig in the bleeding wood/a voice sighed out of blood that bubbled up/like sap at the end of green sticks on a fire.'

Dante has, of course, been looming increasingly in Heaney's work and thought, and he is the presiding genius of the volume's central section, 'Station Island'. An end note tells us that this section 'is a sequence of dream encounters with familiar ghosts'. In meeting these shades Heaney encounters various aspects of his and Ireland's past and present and as a result is brought to hear different voices implying or urging different responsibilities of the poet. The sequence ends with his encountering the sardonic, liberating shade of James Joyce, who tells him

> 'The English language
> belongs to us. You are raking at dead fires,
> a waste of time for somebody your age.
> That subject people stuff is a cod's game,
> infantile, like your peasant pilgrimage.
>
> You lose more of yourself than you redeem
> doing the decent thing. Keep at a tangent.
> When they make the circle wide, it's time to swim
>
> out on your own and fill the element
> with signatures on your own frequency,
> echo soundings, searches, probes, allurements,
> elver-gleams in the dark of the whole sea.'

The longer the voice goes on the more it merges into Heaney's own, which I take to be the point. Joyce's fierce dedication to the task of being an artist releases Heaney from the need to produce any more of the kind of poetry that went into *Field Work.*

Where it leads is not only into the heart of this lovely volume but into **Sweeney Astray,** Heaney's version of the ancient Irish tale of the mad king transformed into a bird. To be honest, I think some of this is for local consumption only, in the sense that the material relies on pieties that don't transcend Irish interests; but it is never less than readable.

The same is true of **Fast Forward.** Not, I think the best of Porter, but still containing enough of his mordant unpickings of the vanity of human wishes to justify the price of admission. For example, 'The Biographer Promenades': 'our exhibits are worthy only because we/are their custodians.' Spot on. The melancholy is darkening now and Porter needs all of his wit to keep it from entirely taking over. Perhaps he will have to make more use of those blessed structures, plot and rhyme, as he does in 'Dolls House':

> Love, orderer of dolls and towns
> Has Lilliputionised the scale of pain,
> So the wide adult eye looks down,
> Bereaved again
>
> Of esperence, the childhood flush,
> And has no passage into afternoons
>
> But through diminished doors and hush
> Of darkened rooms.

Tony Harrison is of course one of the contemporary masters of rhyme. He is also master of a great deal else besides. If you don't buy his **Selected Poems** you should be ashamed of yourselves. □

FICTION

Without a view

Grace Ingoldby

Moon Deluxe
FREDERICK BARTHELME *Penguin* £2.50
Jamesie's People
JOHN BURROWES *Mainstream* £9.95
The Cremator
LADISLAV FUKS *Marion Boyars* £8.95

THE SUBURBAN AMERICA of Barthelme's stories is believably bizarre, a frenetic, formica-fronted, man-made desert of similarity: 'The restaurant is called the Blue Crab but has an automobile-sized lobster hovering over the entrance'; 'The miniature golf course has castles and space ships with monsters guarding the holes'. **Moon Deluxe** exploits the surreal potential of a world like this: an unknown girl with a fabricated story walks into your apartment to use the 'phone, a man the size of a tree, with fingers 'like breakfast

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sausages' leans over your VW and demands to 'try it out', a beautiful woman in an electric wheelchair glides into the restaurant where you're coping with chicken-fried steak on a portion-divided plate. The stories work almost entirely through implication; one senses that here one can no longer get to the end of the block to see the sky, that the sky in any case is coloured, a reflection of the winking 'salmon and violet' lights.

Barthelme concentrates on suburbia's slippery surfaces amusingly and with alarming observation; his characters are often 'singles' who have an apparently rudderless mobility, frequenting a succession of normless venues, restaurants, precincts, motels. Remembering now those blue baby grands at the Olympics, these stories, so cleverly observed, so deceptively slight, should be recommended as a set text to us the allies — in his hands, America is more fascinating than Venice; first and foremost another country, a foreign place.

Burrowes's **Jamsie's People** is set in the Gorbals of 1930-40 and traces those people after Jamsie has died 'the way he lived': the razor king, 'knifed, chibbed and booted' the day he steps out of Barlinnie after a year inside. What follows is the story of Star, his bastard daughter, who, as an evacuee to a hill farm, returns with a perspective lacking in her peers, and Sammie, Jamsie's brother, a wide-boy who makes it big on the black market and, having sorted out the tricky sum of money-over-principles, gets into corruption, the crombie hat and the camel coat, with the rewards and penalties of the key to the villa with the view.

Burrowes came from the Gorbals and knows what he's about: he doesn't blame or judge, conclude or connect, but what he does (well) is describe the people and the place without a view. A stunted population with prospects to scale, a hand-to-mouth existence where human life is cheap, the caste marks of the plain loaf and the glottal stop, the brutality, the boozing and the 'crack' which brings a little colour to a world of filthy, tenement grey. The novel, a little melodramatic and predictable at times, has a rather old-fashioned feel, but is none the worse for that. This is a big story book with a happy ending and the dialogue and description are as sharp as the flashing blades which slash from 'ear to thrapple': solid, unsentimental stuff.

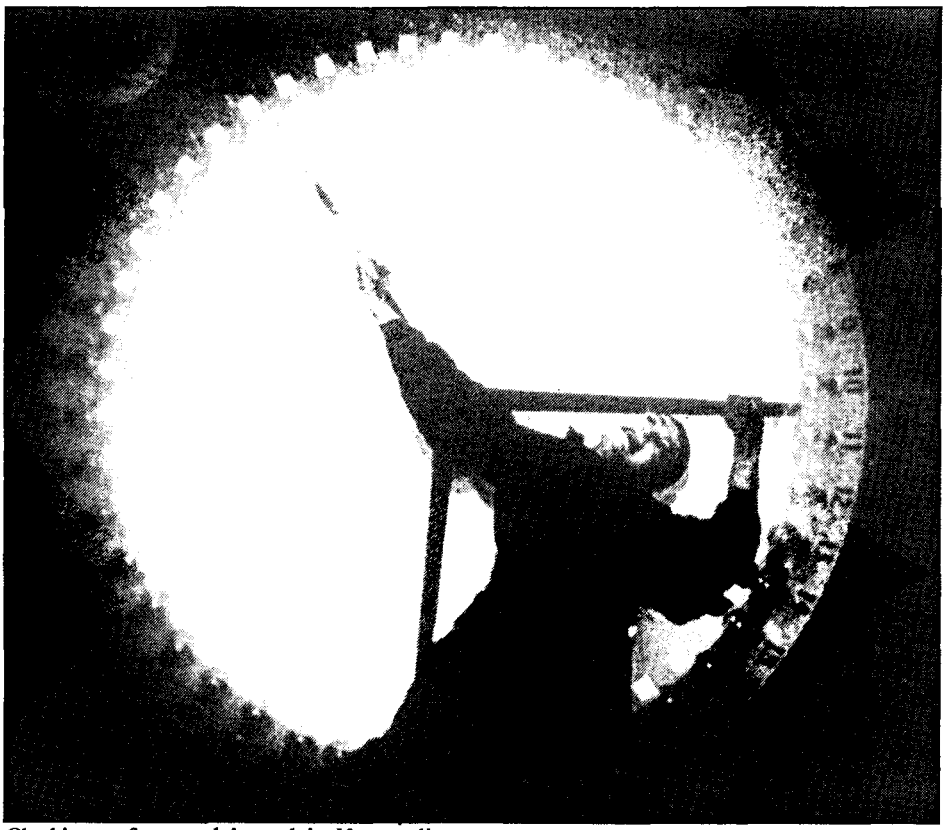
Mr Kopfkringl is sentimental and abstemious, cherishes his family, enjoys and believes in his job at the crematorium and pities those less fortunate than himself — harmless characteristics which his friend the politicking Willi turns to good effect. Set in Prague in 1939 during the Nazi occupation, **The Cremator** pivots on how Willi persuades Kopfkringl to 'see sense': that the nation is more important than the individual, that Jews are bad news, that the weak are a burden on the state, that a job in a crematorium could be useful and that certain sacrifices must be made.

Using repetition and surrealism, Fuks plays with credibility and rather falls between two stools: Kopfkringl is too silly to be chilly. But the phrases which mark his changing attitude have a frightening and familiar ring: 'I won't have you on my conscience,' he tells the addict he once pitied. 'If you don't have any sense then I must have it for you. How mankind benefits from strength.' □

FILMS

Things from inner space

John Coleman



Clocking on for a prole's work in *Metropolis*

Ghostbusters (PG)
Odeons, Leicester Square, Kensington, Swiss Cottage; Classic, Chelsea
A Christmas Carol (U)
Classics, Haymarket and Oxford Street
Metropolis (PG)
Screen on the Hill
The Brother from Another Planet (15)
Classics, Chelsea and Oxford Street; Electric Screen

IN A WEEK where fantasy, magic, S-F and special effects loom so large as to fill the eye and drain the mind, let us begin by praising a famous film, a two-and-a-half-hour recuperation of almost sheer delight, that does not figure in the movies listed above simply because your chances of seeing it — in full bloom — in a cinema — are minimal. I was one of the lucky ones who witnessed another of those 'Thames Silents', the signal rehabilitation of Raoul Walsh's 1924 **The Thief of Bagdad**, with a Carl Davis score leaning pleasantly into Rimsky-Korsakov and Douglas Fairbanks, bare-torsoed, disarmingly grinning, a celluloid athlete going through crazy paces against William Cameron Menzies's towering sets. It will surely crop up on the little box in due course, but its extraordinary amplitude of appeal and shock — with Fairbanks as swaggering Ahmed, market-robber who rises to winning the hand of a princess, often seen tiny against mile-high walls, throwing puffs of dust to the ground from which dragons-teeth warriors spring up in a profusion, sailing away on a magic carpet — will be diminished, inevitably.

The reason for opening with this lovely, amusing super rope-trick of a movie is not merely that it closed the 28th London Film Festival on a triumphal note: it is, in its pristine inventiveness and humour, monstrously and merrily whole leagues ahead of the sort of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* costly caper that currently passes for imaginative fun. The kind of unabashed and fable-rooted ingenuous expansiveness that informed larky epics like this, done with confidence and not referential cynicism, partook of seminal sources, when nights were Arabian with a vengeance and a verve.

Ivan Reitman's **Ghostbusters** also strives for forms of supernatural legerdemain and has astoundingly wowed them at the US box-office. Here we are talking of product, impure and unsimple, a mangled spoof around paranormal Things infesting New York and providing effects-persons with gainful employment. A trio of ESP-doctors (Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis, the terminal two of whom committed the script) is fired from a university sinecure and sets up — with some manner of nuclear-accelerator strapped to their backs — as the titular phantom-zappers. Everything has to be taken on trust in what follows, a gallimaufry of voracious green ghoulies swimming

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gnashingly from frankfurter-stalls, the very attractive Sigourney Weaver opening her fridge to find a Sumerian landscape populated with horrors, she and her wet little neighbour being converted — sub-Tolkien-style — into, respectively, the Gate-Keeper and the Key-Master. Using what look like lasers, but might be spelt lazers, so random and idle and fluky are their procedures, the ghost-busters confront everything from spectral Muppets to a King-Kong-sized Marshmallow Man. This is a scatty event where non-sense, not nonsense, rules and only the raw, marginal wisecracks of Mr Murray — as the most lustful, human and unqualified of the threesome fighting a piebald onslaught ranging from Disneyland to bad Kubrick — yield a mini-echo of what rubbish is expensively spread before us. Market-wise, one gathers, it has outsold Spielberg's *Gremlins* (see next week).

Clive Donner's version of **A Christmas Carol**, with George C. Scott as a muted and peculiarly effective Scrooge, is packed with splendid actors: Frank Finlay as Marley's ghost, David Warner as an up-market Bob Cratchit, Susannah York as his missus, a host of other relishable home-names passing through — not least Roger Rees, who brings a resonant and all-important intensity to a couple of lines as Scrooge's nephew. This is a very decent rendering of the December hauntings, with a good joke about Xmas games I don't recall from the tale. Somehow its determined sobriety allows the crutch-crux of dire Tiny Tim to work. But of the several filmed shots at this sentimental classic, I must confess to a preference for the 1951 *Scrooge*, where Alastair Sim was broader, more caricatural, closer to the high-low theatre of Dickens. This, though, is an interesting, low-key reading, intelligent and startlingly well-performed.

Back to 'special effects', of which Fritz Lang's 1927 **Metropolis** was certainly an early avatar, now stylishly refurbished, tinted, with a little added footage and elegant subtitles replacing the old intertitles. One of the silliest films of all time, about an underground proletariat slaving for some kind of Jazz-Age above-ground City of the Future, with a revolt imminent, it is appallingly acted, egregiously scripted (by Lang's Nazi-wife Thea von Harbou) and quite magnificently visualised. The final message is a cop-out, but the images — of zombie-workers throngingly queuing, a Moloch-swallowing transformation, the sky-scrapered, high-level-transporting, staggering capital city, a devastating flood — drag the eyes to attention. That the Italian-born songwriter, Giorgio Moroder, has seen fit to restore it — this oddity that had Goebbels reporting his Führer wanting Lang to make Nazi pictures — is worthy: that he should have tarted it up with a 'contemporary' musical score, with speak-your-weight lyrics, is something else.

John Sayles's **The Brother from Another Planet** is well-meant, bringing a mute black alien to Harlem, where he learns about our bad habits — racialism, drug-peddling, general non-caring — in an agreeably rough-hewn context: there are some loopy lines that speak volumes. But the moral is, alas, poker-work; the effect slipshod. Being earnest is important: earning importance calls for more work, subtlety, direction. □

DANCE

Brawny

Stephanie Jordan

AT THE OPENING gala of the current **London Contemporary Dance Theatre** season, we heard impressive statistics: how many dancers from the company school had achieved success with American companies or who had headed dance groups in this country. What a pity that the present work of the company hardly matches that splendid score. The several good pieces in their repertoire are overshadowed by the lengthy and frequently heavy-going choreography which saps any sense of seeing individual dancers.

The new *Skylark* is a Robert Cohan big-production number worked out in conjunction with designer Norberto Chiesa. A huge rectilinear frame, screens, a ramp and a parade of costumes are all mixed up incomprehensibly with images of a skylark introduced in the programme note: its 'vertical flight path', the male's 'rich, sustained shower of melodious notes'. Was Patrick Harding-Irmer the said skylark, I wondered. He emerged as a soloist, but his solo did not connect with the Sea Harrier image nor do other episodes connect with the metaphor or each other. There are passages that resemble fitness exercises, jigging about, crisscross leg play at the beginning as the dancers lie on their backs, combat between the men (LCDT men possess the beefy muscularity for this sort of thing, having unfortunately developed it thanks to years of doing that sort of thing) and general folkish jollity at the end. Same old Cohan, different title.

The audiences whom Tom Jobe aims to please deserve better than the malignant *Rite Electrik* which casually mixes disco tribes — black leather, aggro, hair-art (costumes are by Paul Dart) — but is far less entertaining or crafted than most similarly condescending commercial choreography. The vocabulary is sharper, punchier, more back-wrenching than is usual from Jobe but the construction is still coarse: big group numbers, solos springing off into spotlights with backing dancers jerking in the gloom, all the same sort of busy dross but for some genitalia rubbing at the beginning (the kind of thing that can't be forgotten) and threatening slaps and fists between partners in the middle. Fluorescent green tubing oozes round the stage, a red light rises above a solo saxophonist between numbers and some flickers of strobe, pink and green, complete a garish if effective design. But neither this contribution by Peter Mumford nor Barrington Pheloung's score can deliver us from the leaden impact of the dance. The audience appeared to be delighted but I think I was sitting in the Jobe claque. That really was disturbing.

Doublework is the only new work for the company that gives them something valuable and different. This work for three couples has been seen twice before, but now, the piece is more dramatic, enlarged in dimensions, set more distantly in a proscenium theatre with wings, with more varied lighting and the musicians in the pit improving our perception of James Fulkerson's score's nervous textures. The work seems to have accelerated too, dotted with sharp little gestures, suddennesses, contrasts in speed, clearer shapes.

All these changes probably suit the work more to its new situation within a large touring company. Nevertheless, I missed the quiet, ecstatic moments of previous performances, the power of momentum that uses and enjoys gravity and the pull of weight against weight. Perhaps this will emerge; to be fair, it has never been part of LCDT's dancers' style. Already, for the final intimate duet, the crux of the ballet, Harding-Irmer and Anca Frankenhaeuser have developed warm individual expression. At least Alston can tease out the dancers' personalities as movers and as people. □

HOUSING

Self control

Jules Lubbock

WHEN, I wonder, will Neil Kinnock find time to visit a housing co-operative? He might reflect that the Prime Minister calculated that an hour or two waltzing round a Liverpool co-op was time well spent, even though her government dismantled the Co-operative Housing Agency of the Housing Corporation. The Liberals in Liverpool funded co-ops when the Labour group refused to. Every party, except Labour, wants to be *seen* to support co-ops.

It is obvious why. Labour is already identified with the concrete jungle and with hostility to owner-occupation; if its opponents can show that it is also lukewarm on housing co-operatives the bankruptcy of its housing policy is accentuated.

No matter that these perceptions are historically false. The irony is that most housing co-operatives owe their very existence to the last Labour administration, for it was Mr Freeson who, as Housing Minister, issued the DoE circular 8/76 which established the Co-operative Housing Agency. The concrete jungle was the creation of the 1951 Tory Government.

Of course, one understands why Mr Kinnock will not support the co-ops publicly. He doesn't want to offend anybody by backing a scheme that those heroes of the battle against rate-capping, and today's guardians of Labour's conscience, Liverpool's Militant caucus, have so steadfastly opposed. But this is cowardice not imaginative democratic leadership. However, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prince of Wales and other members of the new opposition party jump on the co-operative bandwagon Kinnock has a little time to reclaim Labour's political property. Here are a few facts to assist him make up his mind.

In spite of Liverpool's pre-eminence, with 1,500 homes in 37 co-ops, schemes flourish elsewhere supported by local Labour parties. In Birmingham some 200 homes are now run by 11 co-ops. All began in a similar way: tenants of private slum-landlords, faced with municipal rehousing, wished to remain within their own

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neighbourhoods. Birmingham Co-operative Housing Services, a secondary co-op, is employed by the housing co-ops to provide professional services and training in administration.

In the North East there are now 18 co-ops with 400 homes who employ Banks of the Wear Co-operative Housing Services as their secondary and development agency, which includes architectural design. Their first venture in Hendon, Sunderland, dates from 1977 and was promoted by local people and their councillors.

Perhaps the most exciting development in an area where *average* unemployment of 40% masks much higher local rates is the establishment in the past year of SCOERC, Sunderland Common Ownership Enterprise Resource Centre, to form a network of worker co-ops. Five businesses have already been started. The Labour councillors behind SCOERC were inspired by the success of housing co-ops. Whitehall's parsimonious assistance gives the lie to Mrs Thatcher's gush; but the EEC Social Fund has paid for a financial worker, and may well provide a £¼m. grant.

Long before Keynes it was recognised that building plays a crucial role in economic growth and revival, not only because of direct short-term employment, but also because it can create desirable places to live in, which become centres of consumption and hence of further employment. This theory lay behind the successful proposals of 1752 for Edinburgh New Town, to revitalise that city after the removal of the legislature to London in 1707. Sunderland's problems are not dissimilar, and co-operatives are a local and socialist solution.

Housing co-ops are not small-scale, trendy, ad hoc enterprises but constitute a system, with rules, adaptable to local circumstances and capable of generating new co-ops in large numbers without the loss of tenants' control. But they cannot grow on enthusiasm alone. Without Reg Freeson's framework, and without funding through the Housing Corporation and local authorities, they would never have reached their present position. They are not a form of privatisation, but of genuine socialist enterprise. Local authorities can, and do, play a major role. No one is suggesting that co-ops supercede municipal rented housing. But for some people they have become a popular form of public housing that dispenses with landlordism, public or private. Jack Straw, the only front-bench Labour spokesman to support them, argued recently that if the aim of Clause 4 socialism was to give people more control over their lives, not less, and if co-ops could achieve that end better than council housing, then Labour ought to welcome them.

Liverpool's Militant leaders are out on a limb. It would give some comfort to socialist housing co-operators everywhere if Labour's leader would demonstrate this by acknowledging their achievements. Unless, of course, he accepts that 1983 was for Labour what 1922 was for the Liberals and is content to watch Labour's brightest policies being pilfered by the other parties while it sits in the political wilderness for the next 70 years. □

billboard

Theatre

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE EC1 01-278 8916 (5 lines) CC group sales 01-930 6123. 7 & 8 Dec 7.30pm Last perfs. London Contemporary Dance Theatre. Closed until 17 Dec. From 18 Dec – 5 Jan 7.30pm Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet with four separate programmes.

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Rd. 01-790 4000. Chris Bond's DRACULA – the year is 1880, the place Transylvania . . . Mon-Sat 7.30pm. Tickets from £2. 'High-spirited, noisy, vulgar, anti-traditional' D Tel. 'Great fun' Times.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
Olivier (open stage) 'Coriolanus', 'Animal Farm', 'A Little Hotel on the Side'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Rough Crossing', 'She Stoops to Conquer'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) closed until 11 Dec. Opens 12 Dec with prevs. 'The Nativity'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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RSC/Nat West Tour in London with THE WINTERS TALE and THE CRUCIBLE by Arthur Miller. 10-22 Dec. Sponsored by Royal Shakespeare Theatre Trust. Tickets from Barbican.

Music

MUSIC at PENTONVILLE GALLERY 47 Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1 01-242 8629. Wed 12 Dec 8pm Kellswater Trio. Adm. £2 (£1.50 concs), £1 members.

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Speakers include: *Sandra Horn, Beverley Anderson, Paul Mackie, Roy Lockett, Andrew Nicol & John Foster.*

Further details about registration etc. from CPBF
Tel: 01-437 2795

Exhibitions

PENTONVILLE GALLERY 47 Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1 01-242 8629. Recent paintings by Adrian Frost and Alyson Hunter. Tues-Fri 11am-6.30pm, Sats 11am-2pm. GLC funded, financially assisted by GLAA.

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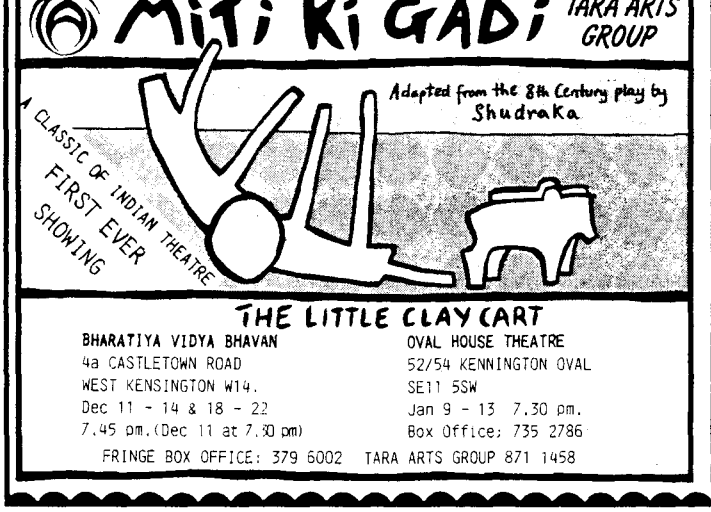
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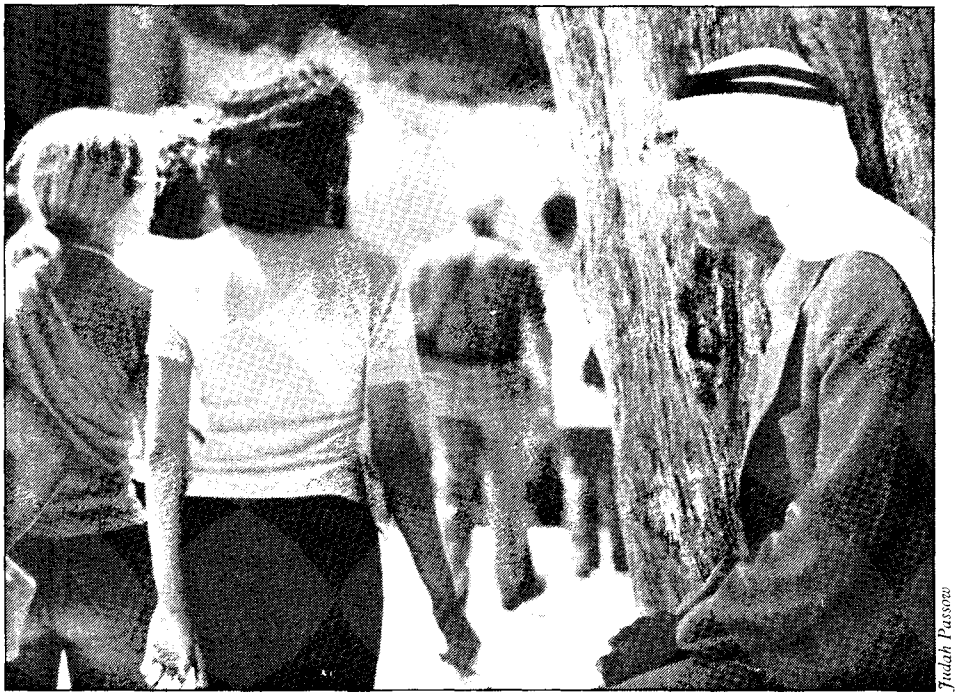

Judah Passow

Tale of two cities

Julia Pascal

FLYING IN TO Tel Aviv, listening to the pure English vowel sounds of the British Airways staff, I am astonished by the thought that I am about to enter a country full of Jews. Part of me feels that this is coming home; another part feels estrangement. I hear an old man speaking Yiddish and this feels more unequivocally 'home'. Diaspora Jewish mentality, of course, for Yiddish is the old language of *der Heim*, the language of the European graveyard.

Israel is a new country for a new people with a new language — modern Hebrew. But it is still a country divided. For Israelis, the split is between the religious and the secular, the *frumm* and the not so *frumm*, and no two cities express the divide so well as god-fearing Jerusalem and her secular cousin Tel Aviv.

I sit in a Tel Aviv steet café. It is on the newly tiled waterfront. Next to me people are snacking on water melon, or eating kebabs, while 'Kissin' an' Huggin' with Fred' plays over the radio speaker. Tel Aviv has a shanty town quality. A boy with a shaved head goes by, but such images are rare. 'Nobody has time to be a punk,' an Israeli woman tells me. 'Punk is a symbol of the unemployed; here nobody is unemployed. When they are 18 they go to the army and if they went looking like that everybody would laugh.'

Next day I walk through the city and note that the Habimah Theatre is presenting James Duff's *The War at Home* — an apt title. This country always feels at war. Young boys who look as if they should be at school are in uniform; old men who should be retired are on reserve duty and young women in uniform stand about in the Carmel street market. They are tanned and made up, many have painted nails. Here, women 'dress up' more; feminism means little. It is as if the severity of the army uniform makes them want to emphasise their sexuality. Beauty is to be pursued and looks of desire are never furtive in these streets where there is always a sense of excitement and danger.

The next morning, I am taken to Jerusalem. The road is all hairpin bends on the long climb up. Monasteries are carved into hills and solitary cells hide monks living out their days in the rockface. 'I hate Tel Aviv,' says my driver. 'It's so hot, sticky and dirty.' Always there is this comparison between the two cities. Most people talk disparagingly about Tel Aviv's humidity compared with the sweet dryness of Jerusalem but, although they seem to be talking about the weather, there are deeper levels. Tel Aviv is the secular, commercial centre; Jerusalem is the Golden City of holiness. 'Next year in Jerusalem' is a toast which springs from deep in the Jewish soul.

We drive into the new city of Jerusalem. Suddenly, there are religious Jews everywhere. Tel Aviv could be any Mediterranean city but Jerusalem could only be Jewish. There are *chassids* in large brimmed hats, women with wigs and many children. It is hot, but the women's dresses are high-collared, long-sleeved; their legs are encased in thick, black stockings for modesty. We pass Arab women in headscarves and long dresses and it strikes me how similar the orthodoxy of both religions is. Both demand that women cover up in case they 'tempt men's thoughts' away from God or Allah and towards sex.

Through the Jaffa Gate, I walk into the Old City of Jerusalem. The walled fortress is divided into Armenian, Arab and Jewish sectors. It is late afternoon and the city is reawakening after its siesta. Through a half-open door in the souk I see a room of men praying, their sandals make a mound in front of the door. There are no women. I do not stare for too long. I take out a long-sleeved blouse from my bag to cover my summer dress. Last time I was in the souk 'dressed immodestly' people jabbed at my arms and pinched my legs.

I walk through the souk with a friend; it is not wise to walk alone. Men call to us to come in to their shops. 'I give you a good price,' they shout in English. Their prices are quoted in dollars. Inflation is so high that nobody wants shekels. We enter a young man's shop to buy gifts. I ask him the cost of his hand-painted plates and he grows irritated: this is not the way things are done here. 'Pick what you want,' he says, 'and I give you a price.' He offers us glasses of hot, sweet tea. Now we have to buy. When the bargaining is over, my friend shakes hands with the Arab. I extend mine but it is refused. I remember: contact between unrelated men and women is forbidden.

In the Old City the guardians of the three patriarchal religions are watchful of their women. A respectable dress is needed to go into a church. As I approach the Western Wall, the army checks my appearance. My friend goes down to the men's section: the Wall is a synagogue, is segregated. I walk to the smaller 'half' reserved for the women, who, as they pray, sway in ecstasy. Most are wigged; many moan. The Wall's cracks are overflowing with messages to God. I am not easy in the face of all this holiness.

Jerusalem has an emotional intensity which is beyond description. I understand why everybody wants it: it feels like the centre of the earth. But it is a centre devoted to male gods and their prophets. Attractive though it is for its concentration of history, its explosive energy, I find it also repellent for pushing me into the role of 'impure' woman.

I walk away from the walled city, away from its Moslems, its Christians, its Jews, and find myself wondering what Jerusalem used to be like before all those male gods got their hands on it. I think how far away it is from sticky, humid Tel Aviv, where couples walk hand in hand, flirt openly and enjoy the freedom of the irreligious. □

Julia Pascal is a theatre director and journalist. Her production of Seamus Finnegan's Bringing it Home *is at the Cockpit Theatre London, to 8 December.*

Among this week's contributors:

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE is not, in fact, among this week's contributors. He is unwell. We apologise for the absence of his column; he will be back next week.

JOHN LUCAS, Head of English at Loughborough University, is currently working at the University of Athens for a year. We apologise for an error in the printing of his last review (*NS* 16 November). He did not write, as published, 'People whose judgment I *suspect* think that Amy Clampitt is a fine poet', but 'People whose judgment I *respect* . . .'

BERNARD CRICK's many books include *Political Theory and Practice* and *George Orwell: A Life.*

GRACE INGOLDBY's first novel, *Across the Water*, will be published by Michael Joseph next year.

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Naseem Khan

On show

WATCHING Tommy Trinder topple the high-brows was one of the delights at Eastbourne the other day. There we all were gathered at the crack of dawn in the Congress Theatre for what the day's programme described as a Celebrity Breakfast. On one side the plate-glass window gave out on to wild wet seascape. Ahead of our rows of chairs, the speakers' table waited. Only a slightly shabby old gent was in evidence, wandering around tapping the microphones. What on earth he was up to or how he got into Entertainment '84 was unclear.

Of course, the laugh was on the audience, for this was none other than Tommy Trinder, 75 years old, 63 years in the business, and not giving up yet. Mind you, he confided in his gravelly cockney voice, there were some people in a bit of a hurry to see him off: Richard Murdoch, for instance, who talked on television about the end of music hall when Askey died — all except, he'd qualified, for Tommy Trinder. 'Cor blimey, I said, they've got me on the waiting list!' The chairman Charles Vance laughed dutifully and then tried to bring things back to a logical path: what, he asked another panellist, about the training ground for young artists: a great problem. Rubbish, broke in the old voice: 'They can learn where I learned mine — the Hackney Radical Club, the Mildmay: they're still there.' Vance firmly moved Trinder's mikes away from him, but he was not to be quashed. 'I've been chairing these celebrity breakfasts for four years', Vance began. 'Four years?' cut in the voice incredulously. 'Four years, and this is all the audience you can get in?' Collapse of Vance. Trinder grinned happily at the audience— a sparse crowd at that time in the morning — his dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction in his broad mobile wicked face. 'All I want to do is work. Otherwise I sit around and get mopey and the old woman thinks I'm senile.'

Vance struggled gamely but he knew he was beaten. Truth to tell, no novice at this game, he'd connived at the way Trinder had neatly turned both him and the debate into a butt. And time was up; time for more serious things.

Entertainment '84, organised by John Offord Publications, is the annual jamboree-cum-trade fair of the entertainments industry and a very mixed bag it is. Do not be amazed to see a real live Rupert Bear inspecting displays of stage lighting, for Entertainment '84 contains them all — Rupert Bear (on the road without a break for the past eight years), English Tourist Board, Cerebrum Lighting, Extemporary Dance Company, Bournemouth International Centre, Operetta for All. The stands are stacked with displays of retractable seating ('Ancasters,' says a voice, 'are the way to the future'); computer hardware, software, what you will; plastic jars of stage blood, spray cans of custard tarts. Wander round and you will emerge dazed, weighed down with mounds of paper, badges, personalised pens, all the trickery of the trade fair and — if you are that way inclined — an awful lot of booze inside you. If you want to think about the business of the arts and not the art of the arts, this is the place to come.

It is, to be frank, a refreshing change, after the dozens of theoretical conferences on who should be doing what and isn't, to come to something where the nuts and bolts are so clear. Local authority leisure and recreation managers in the post-Trinder session savage Derek Block, the promoter. They are not happy with the technical standard of the product on offer. Block — a tough-talking bruiserish-looking young man — gives no quarter. 'In business it's the law of the jungle right now.' And how many of their multimillion-pound ventures had been built, he asked contentiously, without the proper kind of advice — look at Bournemouth (£15 million): 'They had a theatre consultant and they forgot to build the stage!' ('Lies', said Bournemouth crossly when I taxed them with this later, and turned their back on me.)

As at any trade fair, the concerns were financial ones. You'd expect at a time like this spirits to be a bit low. Or were people right in claiming that leisure is one of the few expanding markets in the present economic scene? There's no problem, said Block bluntly. '84 was a marvellous year for everybody.' From his point of view, it's a question of how the new realism is biting with the venues; this year he felt it had made its mark — longer box office hours, greater acceptance of credit card booking, greater care in booking products. And with new acts breaking on the charts, he promised everyone who did business with him an even brighter '85.

Not everyone was so bullish. Some make-up firms were tightening their belts. Stage lighting firms who dealt largely with the educational sector were feeling the cold. The atmosphere in general was by no means as buoyant as in previous years. At Harrogate in '82 for instance there was a strong feeling that the new technology — the year's theme — could be a wonderworker. Now no-one feels inclined to believe in miracles.

New theories were hopefully floated — large-scale multiprogrammed civic structures that can turn from conference hall to concert hall at the flick of a switch. (Indeed, they are already with us; the future would appear to be with the big.) Economic Impact Studies were expounded to an attentive audience by Dr David Cwi of Baltimore's Cultural Policy Institute and City University. The argument for the arts, it was almost unanimously accepted, could no longer rest on the quality of life: it had to be able to cite measurable socio-economic benefit, as in Cwi's work in the States. But it is a complex path with many pitfalls.

Some spirits were raised by Clement Freud. 'I want to show how easy it is to make money,' he said as he sloshed red wine into a saucepan. Unfortunately the mulled wine he produced was about the most disgusting I have ever tasted. There are regrettably no short cuts to prosperity for the arts. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Sour grapes

UP TILL 50 we collect things. Then, sadly, it is time to start unloading, ready to go home with nothing again at the end. That, anyway, seems to be the plan of Frederic Raphael's **Oxbridge Blues** (BBC-2) as he gradually relinquishes a once glittering talent and reputation. Where to start? Well, why not open with a long blur of dialogue about two people we haven't met yet? That should slow things down and, during it, people can sit there wondering why Joanna Lumley is trying to talk with a French accent. Are they missing the point? Unfortunately, something has to happen in the play, so the first man asks the second woman to do some wine cataloguing in a distant manor, joins her in the cellars and tells her to get undressed. When she is nude he uncorks a favourite vintage and pours it over her. At this, the scene turns into one of those slow-motion advertisements for menthol cigarettes or teenage sanitary arrangements, except that the wine goes everywhere and the girl asks if there is anything else she can do for him, because she really wishes there were, as do we. Unfortunately there isn't. 'Why is everything so terrible?' asks the man, a question many viewers will have been asking themselves

Throughout the play what occupied my mind was wondering what my attitude to lines like 'Duncan's feet were certainly a robust British response to Camembert' was. Were the lines 'crisp and dry' as confidently announced in the titles, or only 'thin and tart' like the play's table-wine counterpart?

The following week's double bill was nothing like so bad. In the first, a man loses interest in his girlfriend when her husband is killed in a train crash, which seemed reasonable. Except for the sex, the play is done in mime, lots of stills and freeze-frames and a voice-over to sketch in plot: 'For the first time he spent a whole night under the same roof as his mistress. Of course it was unthinkable that they make love.' His visits become rarer and rarer and even his home sex life suffers. What happens next? Well, yes, the girl remarries, guilt returns and so does her lover: 'Once again the deep and constricting flood of desire turned love's secret mill', if you can credit such language today. Raphael hasn't given up writing embarrassing lines, but at least his stilted observations sit better in the mouth of an ironical observer.

Or, as in the second play, those of Americans, unless it was the brilliant Susan Sarandon who brought to life the part of a frustrated actress unloading her sexual indecisions on her long-suffering shrink. 'But Doctor Stein, this is the tie-breaker. I need you on court. Either you tell me whether it is Sidney or Rick or I terminate my treatment.' Stein can't tell her what to do and she loses both men. Now Stein calls her up himself: 'I'm a man like any other,' he claims, which is good enough for Sarandon, though she has some trouble backing him into the bedroom. On this evidence, Raphael's slick pen is better employed on satire than the more

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mysterious charm of drawing room comedy, which loses him in the hall.

I must say I never thought we'd see another of those all-purpose **South Seas Voyage** 'documentaries' (C4) where some easy-going character with a blond wife and a snorkel digs up that poor little community on Tanna, who — in some embarrassment by now — are made to admit once more that they like the Duke of Edinburgh more than is proper for a native. They don't like the Duke of course, they get out the picture Pip sent them of himself holding their club only when they see the easy-going foreigner heaving to again.

This latest adventure-by-blunder was by the anxiously international Family Menuhin: Ann, Krov and baby Aaron, worn very much to the fore in this film. What ex-hippies Krov and Ann long for above all is to be part of the Brotherhood of Man, which makes them fair game for the islanders. 'Having yellow dye smeared all over you is an honour,' they assure us. 'It means the chiefs have accepted you as a member of the tribe.' Either that or the chiefs are having a go at you, but Ann and Krov aren't in a position to judge which, for, true to the great American tradition, they are innocent of all irony. When they divulge for us the old chestnut of the Cargo Cults they haven't the faintest idea that the story they tell is a satirical comment on their own bizarre activities.

Credulity is the mainstay of the tele-voyage. Confronted with one Chief George, Krov grows paranoid lest vital footage evade his crew: 'Perhaps the chief doesn't understand that I want to see the special site . . .' he whimpers. But Chief George understands fine: 'This is the remains of the tree from which Tegaro made his canoe,' he tells Krov, pointing to a dead log.

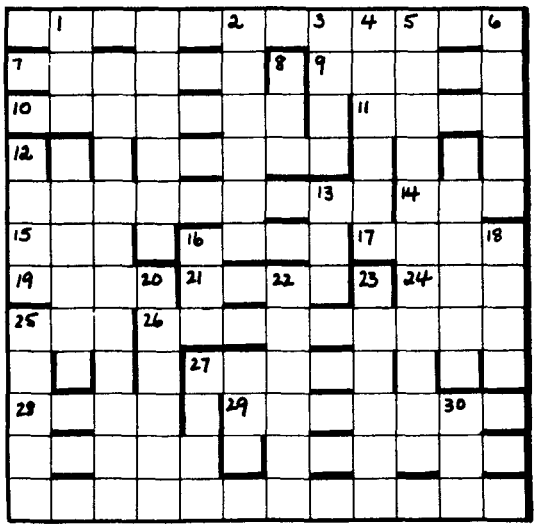
The bewildering variety of South Seas life is quite beyond the scope (or humour) of the Family Menuhin, who retreat for long periods into suddenly animated discourse on matters nearer home, such as 'Getting a big schooner under way is no easy task'. 'As we tacked clear of the land,' says Krov, relieved to be away from all that complicated ethnic stuff, 'we ran into our old friends the howling wind and the rough sea.'

This was vintage Look-at-Life stuff, without the basic accuracy or brevity of those Fifties round-ups of the ailing toby jug trade, but watched in the right spirit the series can be a scream. □

Salamanca 88

'Sounds Like. . .'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 88, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 31 December*.



Seven groups of answers posing as eight must lose part before entry according to a system which is connected with the unclued answers, and these consist mostly of more than one word and some have more than one placement. Most are close versions of their well-known selves, but the sixth (which has no satisfactory version) has been given a literal one. For the unchecked letters of these consult nearly all of the name most associated with the theme and also the lesser-known FREDDY D.F. HYNDE. Other clues and answers are normal, mostly found in Chambers 1983, except 28 which is in the OED.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

***Note: Salamanca will appear next in our Christmas double issue (21/28 December) but the solution to S88 will be published with Salamanca 90 on 4 January 1985.**

GROUP

1st
6 Aquatic ferns this way spread upwards (7)
14 They don't just *talk* about reforming society! (5)

2nd
9 A crown, a most showy one, twisted (7)
11 Who wanders out from rest? (7)

3rd
8 They like publicity and fuss (5)
23 Ginger roots once treated to a bit of exposure turn to acid (8)

4th
18 Unclean molluscs do go off (7)
21 Animals of regions born in back of canal (6)

5th
25 Ac Early sunrise's direction about midday (5)
28 Separated like part of old shoe? (Top of upper with end scuffed) (7)

6th
19 Ravines that slope round mostly (7)
27 Ac Sees covering over round things which are fragmental (7)

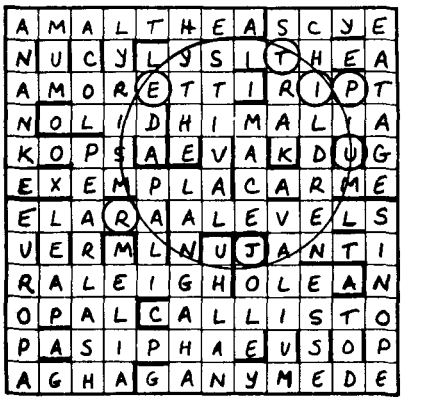
7th
15 Show dismay once in domestic crisis, possibly, when doctor's left (5)
24 Stalk of tree knowing no extremes (5)

8th & 1st
16 Ac Knowledgeable addition of an ingredient (6)
25 D Button comes undone when edge of thread's pulled out, surely! (2 words, 7)

OTHERS:

1 What could be on heads of local opposition invading (that's nasty)? (3)
2 When clumsy step's taken it might be applied to a sprain etc. (6)
3 Mobile or immobile its thick outsides might have 1 in? (4)
4 These, of old, with habit of using wings? (6)
5 Used for polishing up rock — 140 pounds (11)
7 Infidel, huge, needing our support in place of trust (6)
10 Rock and fell, home of fairies (7)
12 Mancando per' no agitato? No comprendo! (4)
13 Dozy spy mustn't be outside this shelter (3)
17 Mean chap right out of drink (4)
20 This ice will have nuts etc. and use these chopped up (6)
22 Maturity of adult, as old one, in third part of time? (6)
26 What moves like waves making a loud turn (9)
27 End piece of music (and also end stanza) (4)
29 Improvement of race's requiring adaptation of acceptable gene? I see (7)
30 It's reprehensible to practice dentistry with no frequency (or with no doctor present!) (3)

Solution to Salamanca 87

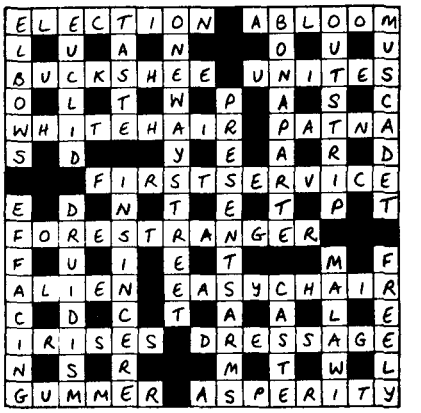


Guests are the 13 satellites (Io given by the number) attending the grand ball Jupiter.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 87

Jean Gordon (Paris)
Bill Duffin (Cottingham, N. Humberside)
C.R. Williams (Richmond, Sy)

Solution to 1461



Prizewinners to 1461

Dora Fletcher (Weston-super-mare)
Brian Smith (Skelmorlie, Ayrshire)
M. Walker (Billingham, Cleveland)

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Weekend competition

No 2851 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Politicians are good at making defeats sound like victories. Statements, max. 150 words, are required from official spokespeople on behalf of the French after Waterloo, the Iceni after Boadicaea's defeat, the Saxons after the Norman Conquest, etc. By 19 December, please.

No 2848 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Examples of contemporary smalltalk to be preserved to give our descendants an idea of 1984.

Report **By Glancing Tom**

I ought to warn you, there's people here beginning to talk about 'standards' — as in 'they seem to be slipping a bit; *measures* will have to be taken'. Myself, I'm what you might call freewheeling (looking at people's private behaviour through streaks of half-dried Windolene does stretch the moral criteria), but I do think Estella Boxell-Hutson should be told (whatever they may do up in Maylandsea) that nobody down *here* has said 'bad vibes' for a decade. And as for those of you who tried a bit of *working class* chitchat: wewl, gor blarmy, wa' a larf. A tenner to those of you printed. You'll all feel better after Christmas.

A: They say you can get it from saliva.
B: I waited all day for the gasman to come.
A: I said you'll give me a transfusion over my dead body.
B: And the cost of getting anything done! VAT, service charges — and then the computer sent a bill for £1000000.62p.
A: There'll be power cuts by March.
B: Doesn't she look lovely?
A: I'd have a Milky Way instead.
B: They're giving millions away.
A: I don't like the look of that suitcase all by itself.
B: Girls under sixteen taking the pill. . .
A: I think I can hear it ticking.
B: Did you hear that bishop on telly?
A: It's got a Dublin label.
B: Went on half an hour about people not listening to each other. Bishops should keep to Christianity I always say. Where's she gone, then? Silly cow!

T. GRIFFITHS

A: I read it was Catherine. She was trying to kill JR because he'd ruined her chances of getting Bobby by pretending to have a tape of them, Catherine and JR I mean, you know, shagging. I reckon she planted that gun at Cliff's Place.
B: Yeah. Mind you, it won't be the same without the one pound note. What a liberty. Look at this bloody thing. They dare to call it a sovereign.
A: See that picture of Princess Di in the papers today? Don't she look lovely? Ask me, she got over that anorexia when she started having babies. It's nature's way.
B: They say Lord Lucan's keeping goal for Leicester City. But they'll say anything. They're crafty, you know — lords. He'll be living in some mansion in Buenos Aires, I bet.
A: I got this mate, he worked out that if you bought 20 papers a day you'd still only have a chance in a billion of getting first prize. That's the population of China. Anyway, it's a well known fact, that woman who got the million is related to a lift-man at the *Mirror*.
B: Yeah. Hallo — raining again.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Trish: We've just seen *Paris Texas* at the Lumière with Jem and Fi.
Viv: Fantastic! I heard it was really brilliant.
Trish: Yeah, there was this really fantastic opening scene, right, where this guy, right, is walking across the desert and he's been missing for four years and it's all because of this woman, right.
Viv: Wow! Sounds a bit sexist.
Trish: No, it's OK, it's by Sam Shepard, right, he's done those things at the National — you know, that one with Julie Walters and the guy from *Chariots of Fire*.
Viv: Right! That had brilliant reviews in the *Guardian*.
Trish: Hey, have you eaten — fancy some pasta at Fatso's?
Viv: Sorry, Trish, I know its sounds pretty naff and all that, but I'm on the calorie-controlled at the moment. But I'll have a slimline at The Crusted Pipe if you're buying.
Trish: Great! I've just got to pop into Neal's Yard to see if they've got any of that natural Mexican honey. Dave's on this big health kick at the moment and I nearly sent him *spare* when I came home from Sainsbury's last week with some Robertson's. Golliwogs are a definite no-no as far as Dave's concerned.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

A: I mean — you know — as far as I'm concerned — at the end of the day — that's what it's all about — at grass roots level.
B: Right.

PETER DUFFELL

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APPOINTMENTS

EXPERIENCED TUTOR wanted for position in Bolivia to be responsible for the complete academic education of 10 year-old boy. Beautiful surroundings and generous salary. Contact L. Bruckmann, 56 Remsen Avenue, Monsey, New York 10952, USA.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

The **STE** has a vacancy for an Assistant Secretary to be appointed as soon as practicable.

Experience in the trade union movement is essential as is a proven committment to trade unionism.

Salary will be within a range of **£14,326** p.a. to **£18,849** p.a. An appointee showing exceptional ability may be able to proceed to a maximum of **£21,205** if he/she takes on additional responsibilities. Salary scales quoted exclude London Weighting of **£680** p.a.

This will be a demanding post and further details and application form may be obtained from the:

General Secretary
Society of Telecom Executives
102-104 Sheen Road,
Richmond,
Surrey, TW9 1UF.
Tel: 01-948 5423

Envelopes to be marked *'Personal'*

Closing date for applications is 2 January 1985.

GLC
Working for London

Policy Assistant

To contribute to the co-ordination and supervision of work of the Areas and Infrastructure Unit, which is responsible for producing strategic analyses of the London Economy and for providing support to trades unions, local firms and community groups and current GLC community campaigns. Work focuses on issues in the areas of transport, housing and construction and privatisation of public services.

Responsibilities include taking a lead on specific areas of research and policy development and putting policies into practice, liaising with other Council offices and outside organisations and co-ordinating the presentation of advice to Council committees. This involves preparing a variety of written work and supervising, or undertaking, research on a wide range of issues.

Proven research ability in one of the Unit's areas of work is required, with good drafting and organisational skills and experience of working with a wide range of trade union and community groups. Applicants should have a sound understanding of the Council's industry and employment policies and be capable of applying an imaginative approach to their work.

Salary: £14,076-£15,756 inclusive.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 20th December 1984, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Ref: 4690, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 2390.

This post is for job sharing

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APPOINTMENTS

CIIR

Catholic Institute for International Relations

PROGRAMME COORDINATOR: PERU

CIIR requires a new coordinator for its small development programme in Peru, which includes projects in health and agriculture.

Based in Lima, the coordinator liaises with a range of Peruvian organisations and with CIIR in London, provides administrative support for CIIR workers in Peru, and evaluates both current projects and requests for new CIIR workers.

The post demands a capacity to relate to all sorts of people – from peasant farmers to government officials. The coordinator also needs the judgement to evaluate and develop CIIR's programme in Peru, as well as good administrative and communication skills. Good Spanish and an understanding of Latin America are also preferable, although some language training can be provided.

The contract is for a minimum of two years. A basic salary, insurance, air fares and other allowances are provided, to cover the needs of a single person without dependants. *Starting date: May 85 or earlier.* For a job description and application form, please send your CV and a large SAE to **CIIR Overseas Dept., 22 Coleman Fields, London N1 7AF. Please quote ref NSTA/2.**

P.E.P.
THE PRIORITY ESTATES PROJECT

Project Co-ordinator

needed to work in the London Borough of Tower Hamlets, developing estate-based management in one district (6,000 council dwellings, largely flats, in five Neighbourhood Offices).

The Project Co-ordinator must have ability to negotiate and deal effectively with senior officers, tenants and workers, help members of ethnic minorities, organise and administer detailed management and maintenance procedures, draft reports and address meetings.

The job requires commitment, flexibility, energy and insight.

The Project Co-ordinator will work closely with the District Team Manager and Estate Co-ordinators. S/he will be a member of the Priority Estates Project team.

Potentially the most challenging and innovative job in public housing and of major national significance.

Salary negotiable minimum **£12,000.** Secondments from existing employment can be considered. The job requires an immediate commitment of three years.

Further details: **from P.E.P., 14 Tivoli Road, N8.**

Closing date for completed applications: 30 December 1984.

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IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

HEARTSEARCH

ANTI-SEXIST, MALE, 40,
single parent, warm, caring, sensual, attractive, seeks committed relationship. I live in London. Photo might help. A.L.A. Promise.
Box 4050

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARE YOU gloomily anticipating a lonely & manless Christmas? Throw caution to the reindeer & share my Pennine home, expenses & chores, & we'll dance & hike till it is all over. Are you 5' 5" or less, slim & fun-loving? Box 4040.

ARE YOU intellectually inclined? Like log fires and old fashioned comfort? Aged between 35 and 55? Lady (Islington) hopes to meet you. Box 4049.

ATTRACTIVE INTELLIGENT (49) widow, looking for someone to share her interests with. They are theatre, walking, reading, fireside chats! Is there a non-smoking male out there with similar. (London area). Box 4030.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surroundings areas. Box 4056.

ATTRACTIVE, SHY, Indian woman, 34, seeks reliable, solvent, single man, for long-term relationship, marriage. Initially by mail. Interesting letter and photograph ensures reply. Box 4024.

ATTRACTIVE TEACHER, mid-fifties, East European origin, keen on languages, travel, theatre, wining and dining, lacks the company of a smart, unattached, professional man, 45-60, interested in a long-term partnership. Box 4059.

BIT OF a gigolo/struggling author, European, 42, educated, sensitive, humour, bon viveur, caring, sincere, seeks more or less permanent relationship. Box 4036.

BUSY, FRIENDLY, outgoing sort of bloke, 37, seeks attractive, intelligent, single sensitive, extrovert woman, 23-32, with a silly sense of humour, who enjoys everything from rock n roll to Rigoletto, socialising to solitude, hamburgers to haute cuisine, who isn't moody and doesn't keep cats. I would enjoy the pleasure of your company. London. Box 4039.

CONTENTEDLY DIVORCED, well-travelled, over educated, capitalist lady, 34, tall, seeks similar comfortable man. Box 4025.

CONTINENTAL, MATURE gentleman, 41, 5' 8", warm-hearted, sense of humour, thin on top, seeks *sincere, young, attractive, female.* Phone and photo appreciated. London. Box 4051.

CROHN'S DISEASE sufferer, early 30s, seeks girlfriend/soulmate (fellow sufferer?) for love and understanding. Midlands, but try me from anywhere. Box 9763.

CULTURED, CARIBBEAN gentleman, 38, seeks an unattached, sedate lady, with a good educational background, and of a compromising and unselfish disposition. Box 4052.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DR'S ENGLISH widow, no ties, personable, slim, 50s, seeks gentleman hopefully for lasting companionship, and eventual caring affection. Should be successful, solvent, secure and steadfast. 50 years on. London. Box 4032.

FORMER JOURNALIST, warm-hearted, male law student, 30s, seeks female sympathiser or fellow sufferer, for mutual support. Age immaterial. Central London based? Box 4035.

GOOD HUMOURED socialist male, 31, interests include: photography, countryside, Labour Party, seeks similar slim female for, hopefully, caring relationship. Age/area immaterial. Photograph appreciated. Box 4038.

GUY 26, seeks older woman for enlightenment, friendship and maybe more. Likes: cinema, theatre, an ever changing lifestyle. Possibly in London area. Box 4037.

HAPPY, WARM, intelligent, professional, attractive lady '22' (non-smoker) loves people, music, travel, very trusting, seeks warm friendship with intelligent, professional man. Photo would be nice. Bristol. Box 4034.

INTERESTING, REASONABLY attractive woman, 45, teacher, seeks caring relationship with warm-hearted man. Interests include: theatre, countryside, books, music, films. London area. Box 4058.

IS THERE an Elisabeth to help this Tannhäuser? Professional man, romantic idealist, 36, buffeted but not broken, seeks kindness, sympathy, affection on life's journey. Box 4060.

ITINERANT MAN, 36, divorced, seeks female company to punctuate long journeys. Intelligence, sense of humour more important than shared interests/outlook. Pref. London/Midlands/Yorks/Lancs. Box 4020.

LEFTISH COMMUTER, 40, seeks relationship with unattached, professional female, 32-40, interested in wining and dining, politics and history, serious music, travel and rambling. Box 4029.

LINGUIST, 50, single, Middle-East origin, Jewish, wide interests, own house/car, seeks lady with faith, 35/45, for sharing and caring. Genuine. Box 4063.

MALE GRADUATE, 24, tall, dark, new to Teeside, seeks intelligent, non-smoking female for friendship and outings to cinema, countryside, pubs, restaurants, theatre etc. Box 4046.

MALE 41, missing warmth, intimacy and spontaneity in unsuccessful attachment, seeks sensitive, intelligent female, 30s/early 40s for caring friendship. First advertisement so please reply. London. Box 4044.

MALE, 32 seeks female partner in crime 28-40. Clean record essential. Must be intelligent and have sparkling eyes. Marriage etc optional extra. Box 4055.

MANCHESTER AUTHOR, middle aged, into the countryside, local history and the arts, seeks active companion – perhaps collaborator. Box 4054.

MOTHER COURAGE! Pam S. apologises to John P. for non attendance due to illness. Please acknowledge. Box 4048.

MY MOTHER (74) energetic, musical, loving granny, weary of geriatric friends, needs active male companion for concerts, real walking, fun. Manchester/Cheshire. Box 4041.

NICK & ALEX wish to meet wacky, eclectic people of either sex in Keele/Stoke area. Peace, love and socialism to all our readers! Box 9812.

NOTTINGHAM MALE, 25, tall, slim, non-smoker, seeks slim, intelligent female, to share love, life, and happiness. Interests: reading, cinema, countryside, and much more. Box 4006.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, London, late 40s, divorced, happy and caring, interested in many things, adaptable, seeks gentleman for mutually sustaining friendship. Box 9813.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 60, NW London, divorced, seeks attractive, educated woman, 40-53, non-smoker, to share good life. Skiing, travel, arts, bridge, conversation, with humour, kindness and affection. Box 4042.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 43, (successful, independent, companionable), widowed and missing family life, wishes to meet congenial man. Intelligence, humour and good nature appreciated. Box 4028.

SERIOUSLY. Man wants mate. Is nothing special. Upper fifties. Rather unimpressive life behind him. But reasonably healthy, semi-retired and finally (hopefully) wise. Certainly realistic and appreciative of life's difficulties. Prepared to give and take. Would love plain, honest, unaffected, generous-spirited woman. Man socialist, typical interests. North England ideal, but have need: will travel. Anywhere seriously. Box 4053.

SERIOUS, CHEERFUL, honest, kind, attractive, mid-40s, living SE London. Interested in arts, politics, people, looking for a man for second, possibly long-term relationship. Box 4047.

SHIPMATE AHOY! Europeanised Celt, female, mid-forties, weary of helming on life's oceans alone, would prefer to crew for considerate skipper. Good companion/cook/wine maker. Box 9811.

SKIER, MIDDLE AGED, Londoner, looking for attractive female companion to share holidays and other interests. Intelligence, humour, culture, and no ties would be helpful. Box 4057.

SLIM, VERY attractive male, tall, dark, 31, seeks large buxom, motherly lady, preferably older, with warmth and intelligence. Photo appreciated. Box 4045.

THREE JOLLY, drinking and fun-loving born-again bachelors require three pretty, lively and sensual ladies, 30-40ish, to share Christmas Day in cheerful Hampshire city. Accommodation overnight if needed. Photos please. Box 4061.

THROW CAUTION to the winds! Live now, pay later! Wild, witty, vulnerable, socialist lady (41), literary, artistic, seeks similar male for caring, sharing, discovering. Box 4062.

TO SHARE London pursuits/good mutuals: a fit, unfettered man with literate interests and sense of fun (not hearty) to 55, thoughtful, imaginative too: with 48 year old woman, warm, loyal, lissom. All sensible letters answered. Box 9814.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, 30; attractive, *energetic, PhD, likes classical music, travel,* countryside, needs a lady for serious relationship. Indian origin. Scotland based but can travel. Box 4031.

VERY MYOPIC male, Ametropic, 55, Anglophile, American, literate, lettered, travelled, unencumbered, seeks female with similar opthalmological malady for commiseration, mutuality, association, direction etc. Box 9372.

WANTED: friends any sex/colour by female student, 20, likes music, opera, films, CND member, wants to discover life (love?). Non-smoker, vegetarian. Box 4027.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE graduate woman teacher, div., 45, 5' 5", brown hair, blue eyes, seeks professional man for friendship, companionship and lasting close relationship. Interests: home-making, music, family life, people. London. Box 9531.

WARM, CARING, sensuous, home-loving divorcee, 44, seeks public school man, who has achieved success in his career, is fairly intellectual, enjoys the good things of life and wants to settle down, to love and be loved. London or near. Box 4026.

WOMAN, 42, Oxford area, leftish politics, (interests the arts, walking, good food, cinema) seeks unattached, thoughtful man friend, for sharing these and other pleasures. Box 4033.

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MEETINGS

SOLIDARNOSC LIVES. Third anniversary of suppression of Solidarnosc in Poland. Public discussion/teach-in. Speakers include Solidarnosc spokesman UK. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn, WC1. 7.30pm, Tuesday 11 December. Polish Solidarity Campaign. 01-471 9096.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 9 Dec. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION: Infertility Clinic in London requires healthy, married Chinese donors who have had children. High fee payable. Tel. 01-958 7738 for details.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ACADEMICS VISITING. We have furnished flats near British Museum and Univerisities — Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

NW5. Small house to let, 17 Dec./8 Jan. Negotiable cheap rate for feeding cat. 01-485 0686.

FOR SALE

AT LAST! Amusing! Rude! Subtle! Outrageous! Legal? CND badges. S.a.e. for list to: Monica Crowe, 17 Victoria Terrace, Hove, E. Sussex.

LISTINGS

FRI 7 DEC

LONDON Miners 'Bizarre' Benefit 11pm Scala Cinema, 275 Pentonville Rd, N1. Tickets £3/£1. 50 UB40 01-278 8052. 'The Hit' & 'Carmen', Videos 'The Miners Campaign Tapes', Surprise Cabaret, Meltdown Disco. **Org. by Workers from 'Everyman' 'Scala' cinemas to raise money for families of striking miners for Christmas.**

SAT 8 DEC

MANCHESTER 'Orwell in 1984' 10am-4.15pm (lunch, tea, coffee) College of Adult Education, Cavendish St, All Saints. **Tickets: £1.75 from 061 273 5335.**

LAMBETH General Studies Workshop on 'Political Education: its role in the Common Core'. 10am-4.30pm Teachers' Centre, Santley St, SW4. Of interest to FE and secondary teachers concerned with core curricula in YTS and CPVE.

LONDON Preparatory Meeting to discuss launching of major national campaign on Primary Purpose Rule. Co-sponsored by C.A.R.L., JCWL, Midlands NALGO EOC, GLC Anti-Deportations Working Grp., Immigration Widows Campaign, Divided Families Campaign. 2pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, Creche. **Apply: C.A.R.L., 56 Edithna St, SW9. 01-733 8508.**

LONDON 'Women & Policing' Women only event 10am-6pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Creche/Wheelchairs. **Org. NCAPE, Rm. 305, Panther Hs, Mount Pleasant, WC1. 01-833 3823.**

LONDON 'Politics of Bisexuality' Conf. 10am. Factory Community Project, 107 Matthias Rd, N.16. Discn. papers sought beforehand. **Details/Registration £1 BM/BI, WC1N 3XX.**

SUN 9 DEC

HYDE PARK 'Solution '84' March & Rally to find solution to miners' strike. 1pm Reformers Tree (nr. Park La.) **Details: Paul Miller 01-341 4952.**

MON 10 DEC

LONDON 'Decadence' by Stephen Berkoff in aid of striking miners. 7.30pm Thames Poly, Wellington St, Woolwich.

LONDON 'NHS — Alive or Dead' 8pm Socialist Health Assoc. meeting 8pm Town Hall, Walworth Rd, SE17. Spkrs. Tom Sawyer, NUPE, Terry Davis, MP.

LONDON 'Greenham Winter' exhibition of drawings & watercolours by Tabitha Salmon showing life at the Greenham Common airbase fence during the hard winter of early 1984. 9.30am-8pm The Exhibition Gallery, N. Peckham Civic Centre, 600-608 Old Kent Rd, SE15. 01-639 1255.

LONDON 'The Militarisation of psychology' seminar by Tim Shallice 6.30pm The Roebuck, Tottenham Ct. Rd, W1. Org. **BSSRS — C/O 01-590 7722 x 5094.**

CAMDEN 'Lesbians & Gay Men Support the Miners' Ball with Bronski Beat, Simon Fanshawe, Bernard Padden. 8pm Electric Ballroom. Tickets £4.50/£2.50 UB40 from left and gay bookshops. All Proceeds to the Miners.

LONDON 'Law & International Relations' — report on Haldane Soc. of Socialist Lawyers recent international work. 7pm LSE, Rm. SO12. Houghton St, WC2. Adm. 50p non-membs.

TUES 11 DEC

LONDON 'Decadence' by Stephen Berkoff in aid of striking miners. 7.30pm LSE, Houghton St, WC1.

LONDON 'An investigation into the quality aspects of 1981 Census for England & Wales' by M. Britton, F. Birch (OPCS) 5pm Manson Theatre, London Sch. of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine, Keppel St, Adm. Free. **Details: Denise Lievesley, SCPR, 35 Northampton Sq, EC1V 0AX. 01-250 1866.**

LONDON 'No to Racist Adverts! Victory to S. Africa's Miners! Picket Mirror Newspaper Grp, Holborn Circus, EC1. 1-2pm **Org. City of London AA Grp 01-837 6050.**

WED 12 DEC

LONDON Support Namibia Independence Now!' Lobby Parliament 3-6pm Grand Committee Rm. House of Commons on 25th Anniversary of Katutura Massacre. Spkrs incl Shapua Kaukungua, SWAPO rep. Western Europe, Denis Healey, MP, Archbishop Trevor Huddleston **Details: AA Movement 01-387 7966/Namibia Support Cttee. 01-267 1941.**

LONDON 'Don't Let the Mines go the same way as the Docks!' — unique meeting for Miners of Durham and the people of Docklands 7.30pm Stratford Secondary Sch. Upton La, E15. Spkrs. Tony Benn, MP, Mary Stratford, Durham Womens Support Grp, Fred Higgs, Regional Officer TGWU, Bill Forstwych, Durham Miner. **Details: Durham/Docklands Miners Support Grp. 01-474 9557.**

SOUTHAMPTON 'Docks Dispute — defend jobs & union rights'. 8pm Labour Party Headquarters, 8 Queensway. **Details: Stephen Sammut, 'Southampton Labour Left' 0703 557963.**

HARLESDEN 'Ethiopia/Africa The Politics of Aid' 7.30pm Methodist Church, High St, NW10. Film and discn. **Org. Brent S. Labour Party PRO Peter Finch 01-637 8074 day/01-969 9941 eves.**

THURS 13 DEC

LONDON Social Research Association Annual Conference Kensington & Chelsea Town Hall. Key note speech by Prof. A. H. Halsey on 'Social Science & Government'. **Details: Mike Cooke, SRA 01-240 8551.**

LONDON Crystal Palace CND Public Meeting with Spkrs. from Bold & Sutton Manor NUM. 8pm Upper Rm. 'Paxton Arms', Anerley Hill, SE19. Presents for strikers families will be collected.

FRI 14 DEC

LONDON 'Release Nelson Mandela in 1985' 5.30-7.30pm Picket of South African Embassy, Trafalgar Sq. + every Friday called by **City of London AA Grp, 01-837 6050.**

SAT 15 DEC

LONDON 'The Right of Reply in Broadcasting?' 10am County Hall, SE1. **Org. Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom, ABS, ACTT, NUJ, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-437 2795.**

ORMSKIRK Dayschool on Law, Policy and the State' 10am-5pm Edge Hill Coll. of HE, St. Helens Rd. **Creche bking & details: Kathryn Chadwick/Phil Scraton 0695 75171.**

GREENHAM Orange Gate 2pm Commemoration of Andy Howieson who died 4 Oct 1984. She worked for peace all her life which will be celebrated by an action open to all women everywhere. **Details: Terri Hogan, Grange Farm Cottage, Maiden Bradley, Nr. Warminster, Wilts. Maiden Bradley 217.**

FORTHCOMING

18-19 DEC LEEDS 'Learning for a Change' — World University Services (UK) Annual Conf. at Universitt Union. Highlights educational inequality between rich and poor nations as key issue in development debate. **Registration: WUS (UK), 20 Compton Terr, London, N1 2UN. 01-226 6747.**

19 DEC LONDON 'Release Nelson Mandela in 1985' Rally 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC2. **Details: City of London AA Grp. 01-837 6050.**

3-6 JAN LONDON 'The Legality of Nuclear Weapons' Tribunal at Oliver Thompson Hall, City University, Northampton Sq, EC1. **Org. Lawyers for Nuclear Disarmanent. Details/Tickets: Ross MacKenzie, 11 Goodwin St, N4. 01-272 9092.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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FOURTH TOURER needed for our excursion round Cornwall. Ideally suit male 25-30 interested in surfing to join group 2 women, 1 man & share costs. Box.

PUTNEY ROWERS CLUB. Coxes needed three nights a week for 4's, 8's and pairs to guide them through muddy waters. Box.

'MAGIC FLUTES', the new opera society, arranges outings, discussions and soirées. *Now expanding in Bristol, Leeds & Manchester.* Membership details from Cambridge headquarters tel 0223.

SCRAMBLING IN SCOTLAND. I'm planning to form a small group to tackle some of the more exacting ridge walks and scrambles in Scotland starting in May, eg Cuillin Ridge, Aonach Eagach. Interested? Contact Deborah Saint, Box.

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Dr Jürgen Förster (Freiburg)
The German Army and the Ideological Warfare against the Soviet Union 1941
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

The South East Region
TUC/NUM
MASS DEMONSTRATION
Tilbury Power Station
Monday 10 December
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NORWEGIAN FJORDS £160, 25 May-2 June
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dates as Moscow.
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27 March—5 April, & 20-29 April.
PRAGUE £160 6/13 April & 12/19 May.

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